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WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1873.

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 1.

FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

SETTLEMENT IN MARYLAND.

Having now arrived at the wished-for country, we appointed names as occasion served. And, indeed, the point which is at the south we consecrated under the title of St. Gregory; designating the northern point, we consecrated it to St. Michael, in honor of all the angels. A larger or more beautiful river I have never seen. The Thames, compared with it, can scarcely be considered a rivulet. It is not rendered impure by marshes, but on each bank of solid earth rise beautiful groves of trees, not choked up with an undergrowth of brambles and bushes, but as if laid out by the

Jam optata potiti regione, nomina pro re nata distribuebamus. Et quidem promontorium quod est ad austrum titulo S. Gregorii consecravimus, aquilonare S. Michaeli in honorem omnium angelorum indigitantes. Majus jucundiusve flumen aspexi nunquam. Thamesis illi comparatus vix rivulus videri potest. Nullis inficitur paludibus, sed solida utrinque terra assurgunt decentes arborum silvae, non clausae vepretis, vel subnascentibus surculis, sed quasi manu laxa consitae ut libere quadrigam

hand, in a manner so open, that you might freely drive a four horse chariot in the midst of the trees.

At the very mouth of the river we beheld the natives armed. That night fires were kindled through the whole region, and since so large a ship had never been seen by them, messengers were sent every where to announce, "that a canoe as large as an island had brought as many men as there were trees in the forests." We proceeded, however, to the Heron Islands, so called from the immense flocks of birds of this kind. The first which presented itself, we called St. Clement's; the second, St. Catharine's; the third, St. Cecilia's. We landed first at St. Clement's, to which there is no access except by fording, because of the shelving nature of the shore. Here the young women, who had landed for the purpose of washing, were nearly drowned by the upsetting of the boat—a great portion of my linen being lost—no trifling misfortune in these parts.

This island abounds in cedar, sassafras, and the herbs and flowers for making salads of every kind, with the nut of a wild tree, which bears a very hard nut, in a thick shell, with a kernel very small but remarkably pleasant. However, since it was only four hundred acres in extent, it did

inter medias arbores agitare possis. In ipso ostio fluminis armatos indigenas conspeximus. Ea nocte ignes tota regione arserunt, et quoniam nunquam illis tam magna navis conspecta fuit, nuntii hinc inde missi narrabant *Canoam* insulae similem adventasse tot homines quot in sylvis arbores. Processimus tamen ad Insulas Ardearum, sic dictas ab inauditis examinibus hujusmodi volucrum. Primam quae occcurrit Sancti Clementis nomine appellavimus, secundam S. Catharinae, tertiam S. Ceciliae. Descendimus primum ad S. Clementis, ad quam nisi vado non patet accessus propter declive littus. Hic ancillae quae ad lavandum excenderant, inverso lintre pene submersae sunt, magna parte meorum etiam linteorum deperdita, jactura in his partibus non mediocri.

Abundat haec insula cedro, saxifragio, herbis et floribus ad omnis generis acetaria componenda, nuce etiam sylvestri, quae juglandem fert praeduram, spisso putamine, nucleo parvo, sed mire grato. Cum tamen quadringentorum tantum jugerum latitudine visa est non ampla satis fu-

not appear to be a sufficiently large location for a new settlement. Nevertheless, a place was sought for building a fort to prohibit foreigners from the trade of the river, and to protect our boundaries, for that is the narrowest crossing of the river.

On the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year 1634, we offered in this island, for the first time, the sacrifice of the mass; in this region of the world it had never been celebrated before. The sacrifice being ended, having taken up on our shoulders the great cross which we had hewn from a tree, and going in procession to the place that had been designated, the Governor, Commissioners and other Catholics participating in the ceremony, we erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was chaunted humbly on our bended knees, with great emotion of soul.

But when the Governor had understood that many sachems are subject to the chieftain of Piscataway, he resolved to visit him, that the cause of our coming being explained, and this one's good will being conciliated, a more easy access might be gained to the minds of the others. Therefore, having added to our pinnace another which he had bought in Virginia, and having left the ship anchored at St. Clem-

tura sedes novae plantationis. Quaesitus est tamen locus castro aedificando ad prohibendos exteros fluvii commercio, finesque tutandos, is enim erat angustissimus fluminis trajectus.

Die Annuntiationis S. Virginis Mariae anno 1634 primum in hac insula litavimus; in hac coeli regione nunquam antea id factum. Sacrificio peracto sublata in humeros ingenti cruce quam ex arbore dedolaveramus, ad locum designatum ordine procedentes, Praefecto et Commissariis, caeterisque Catholicis adjuvantibus, trophaeum Christo Servatori erexi-mus, Litaniis Sanctae Crucis humiliter flexis genibus, magna animorum commotione recitatis.

Cum autem intellexisset Praefectus Imperatori Pascatawaye complures parere regulos, illum adire statuit ut explicata itineris nostri causa, et ejus unius conciliata voluntate, facilior ad caeterorum animos pateret ingressus. Itaque juncta celoci nostrae altera, quam in Virginia conduxerat, et navi in anchoris relicta ad Sanctum Clementem, cursu circumac-

ent's, retracing his course, he landed at the south side of the river. And when he had found out that the savages had fled into the interior, he proceeded to a village which is also called Potomac, a name derived from the river. Here was the young king's guardian, named Archihu; he was his uncle and administered the government in place of the youth—a grave man and prudent.

To Father John Altham, who had come as companion of the Governor, (for he left me with the baggage,) he willingly gave ear while explaining, through an interpreter, certain things concerning the errors of the heathens and now and then acknowledged his own; and when informed that we had not come thither for the purpose of war, but for the sake of benevolence, that we might imbue a rude race with the precepts of civilization, and open the way to heaven, as well as impart to them the comforts of distant regions, he signified that we had come acceptably. The interpreter was one of the Protestants of Virginia. Therefore, when the father could not discuss matters further for want of time, he promised that he would return before long "This is agreeable to my mind," said Archihu, "we will use one table; my attendants shall go hunt for you, and all things shall be common between us."

to ad australem partem fluminis excendit. Cumque barbaros ad interiora fugisse comperisset, progressus est ad civitatem quae a flumine desumpto nomine Potomeach etiam dicitur. Hic Regi puero tutor erat patruus nomine Archihu puerique vices in regno habebat vir gravis et prudens. Is P. Altham (Joannis) qui comes additus erat Praefecto (me etenim etiamnum detinebat ad Sarcinas) quaedam per intepretem de gentilium erroribus explicanti, libenter aures dabat, suos identidem agnoscens; atque edoctus nos non belli causa, sed benevolentiae gratia eo appulisse, ut gentem rudem civilibus praeceptis imbueremus et viam ad coelum aperiremus, simul regionum longinquarum commoda iis impertituros, gratos advenisse monstravit. Interpres erat ex protestantibus Virginiae. Itaque cum plura pro tempore disserere non posset Pater, promisit se non ita multo post reversurum. Id mihi ex animo accidit, inquit Archihu, una mensa utemur, mei quoque asseclae pro te venatum ibunt, eruntque inter nos omnia communia.

From this we went to Piscataway, at which place all flew to arms. About five hundred men, equipped with bows, stood on the shore with their chieftain. Signs of peace being given them, the chief laying aside his apprehensions, came on board the pinnace, and when he heard that our intentions were friendly, he gave us permission to settle in whatever part of his country we might wish.

In the meantime, while the Governor was on his visit to the chieftain, the savages at St. Clement's having grown more bold, mingled familiarly with our guards, for we kept guard day and night, to protect our wood-cutters from sudden attacks, as well as the brigantine brought by us and which we were constructing of planks and beams. It was amusing to hear them admiring every thing. Above all, where in the world did so large a tree grow, from which so immense a mass of a ship could be hewn? for they thought that it was hollowed from the trunk of a single tree, after the manner of an Indian dug-out. Our cannon struck them all with consternation, as they were much more resonant than their twanging bows, and loud as thunder.

The Governor in his visit to the chieftain had taken as companion, Captain Henry Fleet, a resident of Virginia, a

Hinc itum ad Pascatawaye, ubi omnes ad arma convolarunt. Quingenti circiter arcubus instructi in littore cum Imperatore constiterant. Signis pacis datis, Imperator metu posito celocem conscendit et audito nostrorum benevolo erga eas gentes animo, facultatem dedit qua imperii ejus parte vellemus habitandi.

Interim dum Praefectus apud Imperatorem in itinere est, barbari ad S. Clementem audentiores facti, se vigilibus nostris familiarius admiscebant. Excubias enim interdiu, noctuque agebamus, tum ut lignatores nostros, tum ut aphractum, quem tabulis, costisque solutis allatum aedificabamus, ab repentibus insultibus tutaremur. Voluptati erat audire admirantes singula. In primis ubinam terrarum tanta arbor excrevisset, ex qua tam immensa moles navis dedolaretur, excisam enim arbitrabantur quemadmodum indicae canoae ex uno aliquo arboris trunco. Tormenta majora attonitos omnes tenebant, haud paulo quippe vocaliora erant stridulis ipsorum arcubus, et tonitrui paria.

Praefectus socium itineris adhibuerat ad Imperatorem Henricum Fleet Capitaneum ex iis qui in Virginia commorantur, hominem barbaris in

man very much beloved by the savages, and acquainted with their language and settlements. At the first he was very friendly to us; afterwards, seduced by the evil counsels of a certain Claiborne, he became most hostile and stirred up the minds of the natives against us with all the art of which he was master. In the meantime, however, while he remained as a friend among us, he pointed out to the Governor a place for a settlement, such that Europe cannot show a better for agreeableness of situation.

From St. Clement's, having proceeded about nine leagues towards the north, we entered the mouth of a river, to which we gave the name of St. George. This river, in a course from south to north, runs about twenty miles before it is freed from its salt taste—not unlike the Thames. Two bays appeared at its mouth, capable of containing three hundred ships of the largest class. One of the bays we consecrated to St. George; the other bay, more inland, to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The left bank of the river was the residence of King Yoacomico. We landed on the right, and having advanced about a thousand paces from the shore, we gave the name of St. Mary's to the intended city; and that we might avoid all appearance of injury and of hostility, having paid in exchange axes, hatchets, hoes, and some yards of

primis gratum, et linguae locorumque peritum. Hic initio nobis perfamiliaris, deinde Claborni cujusdam sinistris seductus consiliis, infensissimus effectus, indigenarum animos qua arte potest adversus nos accendit. Interim tamen dum inter nos amicus ageret, sedem Praefecto monstravit qualem vix Europa meliorem loci benignitate ostendere potest.

A Sancto Clemente circiter leucas novem progressi ad Aquilonem fluminis ostio illapsi sumus cui a S. Georgio nomen indidimus. Id flumen ab Austro ad Aquilonem ad viginti circiter milliaria procurrit antequam salsedine marina exuatur, Thamesi non dissimile. In ejus ostio duo visuntur sinus 300 navium immensae molis capaces. Sinum unum Sancto Georgio consecravimus, alterum interius B. Virgini Mariae. Laeva pars fluminis sedes erat Regis Yoacomico; nos ad dexteram excendimus et ad mille passus a littore avulsi, civitati designatae nomen a S. Maria posuimus; utque omnem speciem injuriae, inimicitiarumque occasionem praeverteremus, appensis in commutationem securibus, asciis, rastris et

cloth, we bought from the King thirty miles of his territory, which part goes by the name of Augusta Carolina.

The Susquehannoes, a tribe accustomed to wars, and particularly troublesome to King Yoacomico, in frequent incursions devastate all his lands, and compel the inhabitants, through fear of danger, to seek other habitations. This is the reason why so readily we obtained a part of his kingdom; by these means, God is opening the way for his law and for light eternal, since every day some of them move away and leave to us their houses, lands and fallow-fields. Truly this is like a miracle, that savage men, a few days before arrayed in arms against us, so readily trust themselves like lambs to us, and surrender to us themselves and their property. The finger of God is in this; and God designs some great good to this people. Some few have granted to them the privilege of remaining with us till the next year. But then the ground is to be given up to us, unencumbered.

The natives are of tall and comely stature, of a skin by nature somewhat tawny, which they make more hideous by daubing, for the most part, with red paint mixed with oil, to keep away the mosquitos; in this, more intent on their comfort than their beauty. They smear their faces also

mensuris aliquot panni, emimus a Rege triginta terrae illius milliaria, cui regioni Augusta Carolina jam nomen est.

Sasquehanoes, gens bellis assueta, Regi Yoacomico praeceteris infesta, frequentibus incursibus omnem depopulatur agrum, et incolas ad alias quaerendas sedes, periculi metu adigit. Hoc causa est cur tam prompte partem ejus regni impetravimus. Deo viam legi suae et lumini aeterno his adminiculis aperiente, migrant alii atque alii quotidie nobisque relinquunt domos, agros, novalia. Id profecto miraculo simile est, homines barbaros paucis ante diebus in armis adversum nos paratos, tam facile se nobis velut agnos permittere, nobis se suaque tradere. Digitus Dei est hic, et magnum aliquod emolumentum huic nationi meditatur Deus. Paucis tamen quibusdam permittitur sua inter nos habitatio in annum proximum. Tunc vero liber nobis relinquendus est ager.

Indigenae statura sunt procera et decenti, cute a natura subfusca, quam colore plerumque rubeo mixto oleo inficientes, ut culices arceant, tetriorem reddunt, commodo suo magis intenti quam decori. Vultum aliis

with other colors; from the nose upwards, seagreen; downwards, reddish, or the contrary, in a manner truly disgusting and terrific. And since they are without beard almost to the end of life, they make the representation of beard with paint, lines of various colors being drawn from the tip of the lips to the ears. They encourage the growth of the hair, which is generally black, and bind it with a fillet when brought round in a knot to the left ear, something which is held in estimation by them being added by way of ornament. Some bear upon their forehead the representation of a fish in copper. They encircle their necks with glass beads strung upon a thread, after the manner of chains; these beads, however, begin to be more common with them, and less useful for traffic.

They are generally dressed in deerskin, or like kind of covering, which flows behind after the manner of a cloak, and are girded about the middle with an apron; in other respects they are naked. Young boys and girls run about without any covering whatever. The soles of their feet being as hard as horn, they tread upon thorns and thistles without injury. Their weapons are bows, and arrows two cubits long, pointed with buck-horn or a piece of white, sharpened flintstone; they direct these with so much skill

etiam coloribus deturpant, a naso sursum coerulei, deorsum rubicundi vel e contra variis et sane faedis, terrificisque modis. Et quoniam barba in ultimam prope aetatem carent, pigmentis barbam simulant lineis varii coloris ab extimis labiis ad aures productis. Caesariem quam plerumque nigram nutriunt, in nodum ad sinistram aurem circumductam vitta astringunt, addito aliquo quod apud ipsos in pretio sit monili. Quidam in fronte praeferunt piscis figuram cupream. Colla muniunt vitreis globulis filo insertis more torquium, quamquam hi globuli viliores apud ipsos esse incipiunt et commercio minus utiles.

Vestiuntur ut plurimum pelle cervina vel similis generis velo, quod a tergo fluit in modum pallii, cincti ad umbilicum perizomatis, caetera nudi. Impubes pueri puellaeque nulla re tecti vagantur. Plantis pedum velut cornu duris spinas, tribulosque calcant illaesi. Arma sunt arcus et sagittae duos cubitos longae, cornu cervino, vel albo praeacutoque silice armatae: has tanta arte librant, ut passerem eminus medium configant.

that from a distance they can shoot a sparrow through the middle. And in order to practise themselves for skill, they throw up a thong on high, and transfix it with an arrow impelled from a bowstring, before it falls to the ground. As they do not use a well-strung bow, they cannot hit a distant mark. By means of these arms they live, and daily through the fields and woods, they hunt squirrels, partridges, turkeys, and wild beasts. For of all these there is great plenty, though we, ourselves, do not venture as yet to provide food by hunting, through fear of falling into an ambuscade.

They live in huts of an oblong, oval form, built nine or ten feet high. Into these huts light is admitted from above, by a window, a cubit in extent; it serves also for removing the smoke; for they kindle a fire in the middle of the floor and sleep around the fire. The kings, however, and principal men have, as it were, their private apartments and bed, four posts being driven into the ground, and poles placed upon them to receive the bed. One of these huts has been allotted to me and my companions, in which we are accommodated sufficiently well for the time being, until more commodious dwellings shall be built. This house might be called the first chapel of Maryland, although not

Utque se ad peritiam exerceant, lorum in sublime jaciunt, tum impulsam nervo sagittam infigunt antequam decidat. Arcu quoniam non admodum contento utuntur, metam longe positam ferire non possunt. His armis vivunt et quotidie per agros et sylvas sciuros, perdices, pullos indicos, ferasque venantur. Horum enim omnium ingens est copia, quamquam nondum nobis ipsi expedire alimenta venatu audeamus metu insidiarum.

Domos habitant ovali forma oblonga constructas novem vel decem pedes altas. In has lumen a tecto admittitur fenestra cubitali: illa fumo etiam auferendo inservit; nam ignem medio in pavimento accendunt et circa ignem dormiunt. Reges tamen et principes viri sua habent velut conclavia, et lectum quatuor fulcris in terram adactis, et asseribus superpositis in stratum. Mihi et sociis ex his casulis una obtigit, in qua sat pro tempore commode habemur, donec aedificia parentur laxiora. Illam primum Marylandiae sacellum dixeris, quamquam haud paulo decentius

much better finished than when it was occupied by the Indians. The next voyage, if God prosper our undertaking, we shall not be destitute of the things which are found necessary in other houses.

The tribe has an ingenuous and cheerful disposition, and can understand a matter fairly when it is explained. In acuteness of taste and smell they excel Europeans, and they surpass them also in sharpness of sight. They live mostly on a pap which they call *pone* or *hominy*. Each of these is made of corn, and they sometimes add a fish or a beast or bird which they have taken in hunting. They keep themselves as much as possible from wine and warm drinks, nor are they easily induced to taste them, except those whom the English have infected with their vices. So far as pertains to chastity, I confess that I have not yet observed in man or woman any action which might savor even of levity, notwithstanding they are with us and among us daily, and are glad to enjoy our society. They come of their own accord, with a cheerful countenance, and offer whatever they have taken in hunting or fishing: they bring victuals also at times, and oysters boiled or roasted. having been invited to do this by the few words of their vernacular tongue which we have hitherto learned by signs as well

instructum quam cum ab Indis habitabatur. Proxima navigatione si Deus coeptis annuat, non deerunt Nostris, quae ceteris in domibus sunt usui necessaria.

Genti indoles ingenua est et laeta et quæ rem probe capiat cum proponitur: gustu excellunt, et odoratu; visu etiam Europaeos superant. Victitant plerumque pulte, quem *Pone* et *Omini* appellant; utraque ex tritico conficitur, adduntque interdum piscem, vel quod venatu aucupioque assecuti sunt. Cavent sibi quam maxime a vino, et potionibus calidis, neque adducuntur facile ut eas degustent nisi quos Angli suis vitiis infecerint. Quod ad castitatem attinet, fateor me nondum advertisse in viro vel femina actionem ullam quæ vel levitatem saperet, quotidie tamen nobiscum et apud nos sunt et nostro gaudent uti consortio. Accurrunt sponte, vultu ad hilaritatem composito, et offerunt quæ venati vel piscati fuerint, cibos etiam aliquando et ostrea cocta vel arsa, idque paucis invitati linguae ipsis vernaculae verbis, quæ per signa hactenus utcumque didicimus.

as we could. Notwithstanding they keep many wives, they preserve conjugal faith inviolate. The countenances of the women are grave and modest. Upon the whole, they cultivate generous minds; whatever kindness you may confer, they repay. They determine nothing rashly, or when actuated by a sudden impulse of mind, but with reflection, so that when any thing of moment, is at any time, proposed, they are for a time silent in a thoughtful manner; then they answer briefly, Yes or No, and are very firm of their purpose. If these people be once imbued with christian principles, (and I see nothing to hinder it, except a want of acquaintance with the language spoken in these regions,) they will assuredly become worthy promoters of virtue and humanity. They are possessed with a wonderful desire of civilization and of the dress of Europeans, and they would have long since used their clothing had not the avarice of the traders prevented it, who do not exchange cloth except for beaver. But every one cannot hunt the beaver. Far from us be their avarice, that we should imitate it.

Ignorance of their language renders it still doubtful for me to state what views they entertain concerning religion; for we have not much confidence in protestant interpreters. These few things we have hurriedly learned. They recog-

Plures ducunt uxores, integram tamen servant fidem conjugalem. Mulierum aspectus gravis est et modestus. In universum liberales nutriunt animos, quidquid beneficii contuleris rependunt. Nihil temere decernunt, aut subito arrepti motu animi, sed ratione; ideo cum quidquam momenti aliquando proponitur silent aliquando cogitabundi, tunc aiunt breviter, aut negant et propositi sunt tenacissimi. Hi profecto si semel praeceptis christianis imbuantur, (et quidem nihil obstare videtur praeter linguae his regionibus usitatae defectum) virtutis humanitatisque cultores egregii evadent. Miro tenentur desiderio civilis conversationis Europaeorumque indumentorum, jamque pridem vestibus fuissent usi, ni avaritia mercatorum obstitisset qui pannos nisi castore non commutant. Castorem vero unusquisque venari non potest. Absit ut horum avaritia nos imitemur.

Idiomatis ignoratio facit, ut quid porro de religione sentiant, nondum constet. Interpretibus enim Protestantibus minus fidimus: haec pauca raptim didicimus. Unum Deum coeli agnoscunt: quem Deum nostrum

nize one God of heaven, whom they call "Our God"; nevertheless, they pay him no external worship, but by every means in their power, they endeavor to appease a certain evil spirit which they call *Ochre*, that he may not hurt them. They worship corn and fire, as I am informed, as gods wonderfully beneficent to the human race. Some of our men relate that they have seen the following ceremony in a temple at Barcluxem.

On an appointed day there assembled from many parts of the country around a great fire, all the men and women of all ages. Next to the fire stood the younger people; behind them those more advanced in life. A piece of deer's fat being then thrown into the fire, and hands and voices being uplifted to heaven, they cried out "Taho! Taho!" A space being cleared, some one produces a very large bag; in the bag is a pipe and some powder which they call *potu*. The pipe is such as our countrymen use for smoking tobacco, but much larger. Then the bag is carried around the fire, the boys and girls following, and in a pretty agreeable voice singing alternately, Taho! Taho! The circle being completed, the pipe is taken from the pouch with the powder. The *potu* is distributed to each of the bystanders; and every one smoking this when it is lit

vocant, nullum tamen externum honorem illi exhibent; omni vero ratione placere conantur fanaticum quendam spiritum, quem *Ochre* nominant, ut ne noceat; frumentum, ut audio, et ignem colunt ut Deos humano generi mire beneficos. Hanc ceremoniam quidam e nostris in templo Barcluxem vidisse se narrant. Die constituto a pluribus pagis convenere circa ingentem ignem omnes omnium aetatum viri, feminaeque. Proxime ad ignem stabant juniores, pone illos provectiores. Tum adipe cervina in ignem conjecta, et sublatis in coelum manibus et vocibus, clamabant *Taho*! *Taho*! Intervallo facto, profert unus aliquis bene magnam peram; in pera est tubus et pulvis, quem *Potu* nominant: tubus est quali nostrates utuntur ad exsugendum fumum Tabacci, sed multo majori. Igitur pera circa ignem fertur sequentibus pueris et puellis, et voce satis grata alternantibus *Taho*! *Taho*! Circulo peracto, eximitur tubus a pera et pulvis. *Potu* in singulos astantes distribuitur, cujus in tubo accensi

in the pipe, puffs the smoke over all his limbs and consecrates them. I have not been able to learn more, except that they appear to have some knowledge of a flood by which the world perished, because of the sins of mankind.

We have been here only one month, and so other things must be reserved for the next sail. This I can say, that the soil appears particularly fertile, and strawberries, vines, sassafras, hickory nuts, and walnuts, we tread upon everywhere, in the thickest woods. The soil is dark and soft, a foot in thickness, and rests upon a rich, reddish clay. Everywhere there are very high trees, except where the ground is tilled by a scanty population. An abundance of springs affords water. No animals are seen except the deer, the beaver, and squirrels which are as large as the hares of Europe. There is an infinite number of birds of different colors, as eagles, herons, swans, geese, partridges, and ducks. From which you may infer, that there is not wanting to this land, whatever may contribute to the comfort and pleasure of its inhabitants.

fumum quisque exsugens, membra corporis sui singula perflat consecratque. Plura non licuit discere, nisi quod videantur notitiam aliquam habuisse diluvii quo mundus periit propter scelera hominum.

Uno tantum mense hic fuimus, itaque cetera proximae navigationi servanda sunt. Illud assero, solum videri in primis fertile, fragra, vites, saxifragium, glandes, juglandes passim densissimis in sylvis calcamus. Nigra et mollis terra unius pedis crassitudine insternitur pingui et rubenti argillae. Praecelsae ubique arbores, nisi ubi a paucis cultus ager. Copia fontium potum subministrat. Animalia nulla apparent praeter cervos, castorem et sciuros, qui lepores europaeos adaequant. Infinita vis avium est versicolorum ut aquilarum, ardearum, cycnorum, anserum, perdicum, anatum. Ex quibus conjectura est non deesse regioni, quae vel commodis vel voluptati habitantium subserviant.

ANNALS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART FIRST.

"The Little Church down the Alley", one hundred and forty years since dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, under the patronage of the glorious Spouse of our Immaculate Mother, is invested with a peculiar interest to the American Jesuit, as not only one of the oldest churches in the United States, but the oldest Catholic Church in that part of America, formerly under the British rule.*

The City of Philadelphia was founded in 1682 and as early as 1686 the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the "Quaker City", probably by one of the Fathers from St. Inigoes in Maryland.

The first forty years of Philadelphia's history are veiled in darkness as to the Catholic Church. Although Penn's Friends fled from England on account of religious persecution, they have always evinced an active, if quiet, hostility to the religion of Penn's father: and, in the early years of the Colony, this hostility was augmented by the fear of offending the "hot-Church-party" in the Mother Country, if they should show any favor to the Papists.

What is known of the Church during the first half-century of Philadelphia's existence is rather surmise than fact. It is true some fifty years ago, there were many traditions, but these were scarcely reliable enough to constitute them *de fide*. The early settlers, as is well known, were Quakers. It was over thirteen years, before there could be found suf-

* De Courcy—The Catholic Church in the U. S., 200.

ficient members of the Established Church to form a very small congregation.* During the first twenty-five years there could have been little to wean the Catholic settlers from their preference to Mary's-land. The few who did come to Penn's City were chiefly Irish, with a very small number of Germans and English.

Vague and unreliable rumor points out three places as the site of the first Catholic Church. We know mass was celebrated in 1686, and Penn, in a letter to Governor Logan, dated 7 month, 29 day, 1708, complains of the frequent public celebration of the mass.† Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia" mentions the N. W. Corner of Front and Walnut Streets. But here serious difficulties arise. Penn's own mansion, the "Old-Slate-Roof House", was situated in Second above Walnut Street, while its grounds sloped down to "Dock Creek," now "Dock Street," which brings Front and Walnut Streets in the very heart of Penn's park; and is it likely that so timorous and intolerant a Quaker as William Penn would suffer the "scandal of a mass"‡ to be offered up on his own grounds, almost in sight of his house? Somewhat later, when the streets were laid out, the lot on the N. W. Corner of Front and Walnut Streets, was by patent deeded by Wm. Penn to Griffith Jones, a member of the Society of Friends, and remained in the possession of "Friends" until 1850, most of the time as a dwelling-house for the owners,‖ and though they might possibly have, at times allowed an apartment in their house to be used for Catholic worship, they could scarcely have been expected to give it as a "Romish Chapel."

Watson also mentions, on the authority of an old lady "who had heard it said," that the house at the S. E. Corner

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* Philadelphia and Its Environs.—Relics of the Past, 7.

† Here is a complaint against your government that you suffer publick mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here.

‡ Penn's letter to a friend.

‖ "A History of Philadelphia," by Thompson Westcott. Ch. CXV.

of Second and Chestnut Streets had been built for a papal chapel. The dimensions of this building, however, were great, far too great, for the requirements of the Catholics at that time. Nearly fifty years after the building of this so-called church, Father Harding, S. J., numbered but one hundred and twenty, men, women, and children, in his congregation.

It is generally supposed in Philadelphia, that a Roman Catholic chapel was built near the City on the Road between Nicetown and Germantown. It is said, Miss Elizabeth M'Gawley, an Irish lady, brought over a number of her tenantry, and that they settled near Nicetown, and that she erected a chapel near her residence. At a short distance from the place designated is still extant a stone enclosure, containing a large marble tomb inscribed with a cross and the name "John Michael Brown. ob. 15th December, A. D. 1750. R. I. P." From the earliest settlement of the Colony the "Records of Deeds, &c" have been kept with Quaker-like precision, yet no one has been able to find the record of a deed or grant to the said Elizabeth M'Gawley, or any registry of her will. John Michael Brown was said to be the priest of this chapel, but as on the 2d. of May, 1747, Dr. John Michael Brown and Sarah his wife sold Father Greaton, S. J., for the sum of £92. fifteen and one half acres of ground fronting on Wingohocking creek; and as the first effort to introduce Greek orthodoxy into Philadelphia was made by the infamous Hogan in 1822, I naturally conclude that Dr. John Michael Brown was not a D. D. but an M. D. We can have little doubt of Dr. Brown's Catholicity, since in his will he bequeaths £10. for masses for the repose of his soul. He likewise devised to his sister, Mrs. Anastasia Dillon, "a suit of priestly vestments and a silver chalice," (probably not very handsome, as they were valued at fifteen shillings,) while he left to Rev. Theodore Schneider, S. J., the sum of £20. Catholic undoubtedly he was, but, as among his chattels are found "a sword, pistols

and a large quantity of female apparel," we would scarcely judge him to have been a priest. The executors of his last will and testament were Robert Meade, great-grand-father to Major General George A. Meade, U. S. A., Rev. Theodore Schneider, Pastor of St. Joseph's Chapel, and Robert Luther of "Mont Serat." Dr. Brown resided for some time in the West Indies where he had acquired a large fortune, and as he was living at a considerable distance from the built-up portion of the City, surrounded by the Meades, Crumps, and Masons, it is not improbable that he had a chapel in his house where Fathers Greaton and Schneider occasionally said mass for his household and the neighboring Catholics. "The Chapel near Nicetown," said to have been built in 1729—I judge to have been a myth. The greatest proof of its existence rests on the assertion of Deborah Logan, who "remembered having seen its ruins." This Deborah was the wife of James Logan, an Irish Quaker, who came over with Penn, and in 1729 must have been fifty years of age, and as the wife of one of the leading men of the Colony and an ex-governor, would have been likely to remember something more definite of this Chapel, than having seen its ruins. If ever there existed a chapel near Nicetown it must have been on the ground purchased by Father Greaton, and must have been built after 1747, more than fourteen years after St. Joseph's was erected.

Some thirty-odd years ago, when a lad of ten or eleven years, it was my happiness to be acquainted with a Mrs. Baker, (most probably the grand-mother of Mr. Drexel, the Senior member of the celebrated firm of "Drexel, Harjes & Co. Bankers. 3 Rue Scribe, Paris,) an old lady of mixed English and German descent, then more than four-score years and ten, who was born where St. Joseph's College now stands—a healthy, wholesome, brisk, chatty old-soul, full of anecdote, with a mind clear as crystal and a most retentive memory. During the first twenty years of her life she lived in the house of her birth, which was one of

those torn down to make way for St. Joseph's College. Always finding an attentive listener in the boy of ten, she delighted to tell, how one Sunday morning, her father, mother, sisters, and two elder brothers with herself were gathered, according to custom, in the "best room" while the father read the prayers for mass, when a friend, stopping at the window, said: "Why don't you go to hear mass?" "Father and Mother both replied; O, if we only could!" The tears would run down the dear old lady's cheeks, as she told how mass was said for years in the very next house, "and we knew nothing of it." This old lady told me that her mother had often been present at mass and instructions, in an old frame house that stood at the S. W. Corner of Front and Spruce Streets, and whenever she passed that house, she would make a profound courtesy, for she said it was holy ground.

From this I have concluded, and I think most will agree with me, that in Philadelphia the first Chapel built was old St. Joseph's, the "Mother of Churches"; and that previous to 1732, our Fathers who occasionally visited the City, said mass at different houses of the faithful, which will satisfactorily account for the various places assigned for the first mass.

In 1730, some say 1732, Father Joseph Greaton, S. J., a native of Lynton, North Devon, England, who had previously made frequent missionary visits to Philadelphia, was stationed there permanently; Thomas Westcott, in his History of Philadelphia, says the number of his congregation at that time consisted of eleven persons. The statements of Mr. Westcott are deserving of great confidence; his History of Philadelphia is prepared under very favorable circumstances; he has labored hard to secure accuracy, and he is a gentleman of diligence and erudition: but I think, in this instance, he has been mistaken. The late dearly loved Father Barbelin, S. J., during the many years he was stationed at St. Joseph's, collected from all

reliable sources, memoranda and valuable data, with regard to the history of the Church. At the time of his death these papers were nearly all scattered—I rescued but one or two from the dust-bin. When our late Father Provincial, Very Rev. Angelo Paresce, was preparing to leave for Rome, as Procurator of the Province of Maryland, I compiled, at the command of Father Joseph Felix Barbelin, Rector of St. Joseph's College, from these data, a "History of St. Joseph's Church," which Father Paresce carried to Rome, and I distinctly remember that a paper, I think one of the earliest numbers of the "Catholic Herald," stated that Father Greaton's first congregation was made up of eleven families, in all about forty persons. The descendants of some of these families are still living in Philadelphia, Alas! not all in the communion of the Church. Father Greaton, on his way to Philadelphia, stopped at the house of Mrs. Doyle a Catholic lady, who gave him a letter of introduction, it is said, to a wealthy Catholic gentleman residing at Walnut and Front Streets. The name of this gentleman has never been learned, nor can the house be pointed out. I have heard it said, I know not if on reliable authority, that this gentleman was a Mr. Corcoran, residing in Walnut above Third, in a house which stood west of the present North entrance to the Church. Father Greaton had before visited Lancaster and formed the nucleus of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, afterwards evangelized by Father Geisler, S. J., and over which the venerable Very Rev. Bernard Keenan, Vicar-General, and at one time Administrator, of the Diocese of Harrisburg, has so long presided. Rev. Mr. Keenan was ordained in 1821, being the first priest ordained in Philadelphia.

So little of that freedom of conscience, for the enjoyment of which Penn and his companions had left the English coasts, was allowed in Philadelphia at that time, that Father Greaton was accustomed to assume the garb of a Quaker, whenever he visited the City. Father Greaton's finances

must have been in a flourishing condition, for the residence which he commenced in 1732, and completed in 1733, was a large, substantially-built mansion; it is still standing and forms a part of the College of St. Joseph. It was a ten-roomed house, two stories high, three rooms on each floor, with four garrets. Father Greaton received about this time, from England, some valuable paintings, three of which are now extant. One of our Holy Founder, St. Ignatius, is in room No 9, commonly called the Provincial's Room; it is inserted in the wood-work forming the mantle. Another, a master-piece representing St. Francis of Assisium is in the principal parlor. The third, an Ecce Homo dark with age, is in the loft, keeping company with a fine painting of Saint Theresa, being pierced with the dart of divine love, a present of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The countenance of the Saint in this painting is truly angelic—the principal objection, however, is that the clothing of the Angel is not suited to the rigors of our winters. In the principal parlor are other valuable paintings; one is by Pennsylvania's great painter, Benjamin West. It was executed in Rome and sent to Father Farmer, S. J., as a token of gratitude for the letters of introduction given by him to various artists in the Eternal City. This picture is supposed by some to represent the flight of Agar, but an infant of four and five can scarcely be supposed to represent a healthy lad of sixteen and seventeen. My opinion is that West intended it for the return of the Holy Family from Egypt. Our Blessed Mother sits upon the grass-grown mound, giving to Her Son and Lord a refreshing drink, Gabriel stands ready to supply should more be needed, while our Holy Father stands in the distance, with joy contemplating his miraculous Spouse and Her still more miraculous Son, ministered to by a prince of Heaven. In this same parlor is another large painting, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds—it is a picture that requires study to appreciate its beauties. Little St. Joseph's is rich in paintings. In No 6., generally named

the "Willing's Alley Parlor"—is a fine painting brought from Rome by Father Ryder representing the Angel trumpeting to Saint Jerome the Judgment. This painting has been copied by artists from the North, and South, and West. In this same parlor is a portrait of St. Francis de Sales, taken during life, and kept as an heir-loom in the "Hayes Family," connections of the Bishop of Geneva, and presented by them to Father Barbelin. In the Church are many old and valuable paintings; not to speak of the Crucifixion and others by Don Pedro Martinez, of which I will have to speak hereafter, there are two very large ones, the first representing the death of St. Joseph, hung before the choir and another in the South gallery representing Queen Esther before King Assuerus and his courtiers, one of whom is gazing at the Queen through a modern eye-glass. In the galleries is a collection of paintings, valuable, if not for their artistic merits of which they are not deficient, at least for their age. There are in the body of the Church, a Madonna and a Crucifixion, brought from Rome, by Father Ryder, both greatly admired, as well as a splendid "St. Aloysius Gonzaga," which hangs over the East Confessional.

The original Church was a room eighteen feet by twenty-two, which had very much the appearance of an out-kitchen, and so it was considered by the family of Mrs. Baker of whom I have spoken before. Although adorned with a chimney instead of a cross, it did not long escape the notice of the vigilant Quakers. Indeed it could not well do so, as it was almost contiguous to what must have been one of the largest buildings of the times, the old "Quakers' Alms-House." This ancient edifice was some years ago torn down to make room for improvements. To an out-building, standing in the large garden, were added four small dwellings, the number of inmates at the time being five. The ground cannot be sold while any of the five live. They have all died but one maiden lady named Nancy Brewer, who lives in the old out-building covered with its green ivy and bright

trumpet flowers, and whose roses, pinks, sweet-williams, bird-eyes, ring-fingers, wandering-sailor, and our more flaunting tulips with modest lilies-of-the-valley often make fragrant our Mother's altar at St. Joseph's. Nearly three years since I met the ancient dame now much over her allotted three score years and ten, erect, active, having never used eye-glasses or a walking stick. I envied her, her memory. Nancy had come out into Willing's Alley to view the excavations for the gigantic offices of the "Pennsylvania Rail-Road Company." I was on my way to a not-very-pressing sick-call. Mrs L. . . s, our estimable next-door neighbour, who was doing the honors of the occasion, said: "Nancy, here is Father . . . . . , Susan Evan's son." "Her youngest," replied Nancy, "born after Patrick's death." She could tell me, in regular order, the names of my elder brothers and sisters, their ages, the color of their eyes, and seemed to have a pretty good idea of their disposition.

It would give me great pleasure to pay this venerable Friend—friend in two senses—an occasional visit, as I think I could glean from her conversation many interesting facts concerning the Church during the years preceding its restoration to the Society, but she is not a little superstitious, and as I have the fortune, good or bad, to be a posthumous, I am invested in her eyes with a supernatural power of curing diseases.

When a little boy, I was often sent to Nancy to buy dried herbs for cooking purposes. Nancy made much of me, I was her "white haired boy".—I am now one in reality. First, I was asked for one of my "coal-black locks", not "to keep away rats", but as an amulet to avert an impending attack of typhus. Next, the old simpleton regretted she had no tow (an easy conscience prevented any fear of hanging), "but wouldn't I return to twist some for her when she got it?" She intended to wear it on her right arm to cure the erysipelas in her left knee. The life of this venerable virgin is now of some importance to us, and I

often pray that she may be spared to sell her "eye-water" and "dried yarbs" to the *old* families of Philadelphia, for at least eighteen months longer. For, I am told, the "Old Quaker Alms-house ground" has been sold to the Pacific Rail Road Company, on condition that they obtain possession of it within three years; the possession depends on Nancy's death. Already twenty months have passed. If this company obtain possession within the specified time, it is their intention to raise another Rail Road Palace, which will bury old St. Joseph's, as in a tomb. Many join me in praying, that my venerable friend, Nancy Brewer, may live to do justice to a good New Year's dinner (the old lady likes good things) on the 1st of January, 1874.

The erection of a Romish Chapel did not long escape Quaker intolerance. As early as July 25th, 1734 (I quote from Westcott), the matter was brought to the notice of the Provincial Council. At a meeting of this august body, held on this date, over which Lieutenant Governor Patrick Gordon presided, and at which Thomas Penn, one of the proprietors was present, we find the following minutes:

"The Governor then informed the Board that he was under no small concern to hear that a house lately built in Walnut Street, in this City, had been set apart for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and is commonly called the *Romish Chappel*, where several persons, he understands, resort on Sundays to hear mass openly celebrated by a Popish priest: that he conceives the tolerating of the publick exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England, some of which (particularly the eleventh and twelfth of King William the Third) are extended to all his majesty's dominions. But those of that persuasion here, imagining they have a right to it from some general expressions in the charter of privileges granted to the inhabitants of this government by our late honorable Proprietor, he was desirous to know the sentiments of the Board on the subject

It was observed hereupon, that if any part of the said charter, was inconsistent with the laws of England, it could be of no force, it being contrary to the express terms of the royal charter to the Proprietary. But the council having sat long, the consideration thereof was adjourned to the next meeting, and the said laws and charters were then ordered to be laid before the Board."

So the matter rested for a month, a month, no doubt, of great anxiety to Father Greaton and his forty disciples. At the next meeting of the Council, held July 31st—the matter was again considered:

"The minutes of the preceding council being read and approved, the consideration of what the Governor then laid before the board touching the Popish chappell was resumed, and the charter of privileges, with the laws of the Province concerning liberty, being read, and likewise the statute of the eleventh and twelfth of King William the Third, chapter 4, it was questioned whether the said statute, notwithstanding the general words in it, "all others his majesty's dominions," did extend to the plantations in America, and, admitting it did, whether any prosecution could be carried on here by virtue thereof while the aforesaid law of this province, passed so long since as the fourth year of her late Majesty, Queen Anne, which is five years posterior to the said statute, stands unrepealed. And under this difficulty of concluding upon anything certain in the present case, it is left to the Governor, if he thinks fit, to represent the matter to our superiors at home, for their advice and directions in it."

From this it would seem that our early "City Fathers" acted in a very deliberate and temporizing manner. But although Westcott says: "It is certain that there was no further attempt made to meddle with St. Joseph's Church, which went on slowly increasing in numbers without molestation,"* tradition tells that three times did the British soldiery level it with the ground, and that, on the fourth occasion, Father Henry Neale, S. J., used a little of the "prudence of the serpent," vulgarly called "Jesuit cunning," and by filling the stomachs of the Britishers saved the Church. Kalm, a Swedish traveler, shortly after this, in 1748—1750, speaking of the Chapel, says: "the Roman Catholics have in the southwest part of the town a great *house*, which is well adorned within, and has an organ."† He speaks of the house of which the Chapel was an appendage. No account, I have met with, mentions the house as having been attacked, our early Church destroyers, unlike their imitators of 1844, respected private property.

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*"History of Philadelphia," Ch. CXV. †Idem.

In our times, it is often asked, why was St. Joseph's built in so obscure, secluded a situation? Its very seclusion is to many its peculiar charm. How pleasant for its congregation, always noted for its union and friendly fellowship, to meet before and after each service, in its shady quadrangle and talk of Church and family matters. It is Sunday: as they crowd out after the early masses, how many an anxious enquiry, how many a word of sympathy and consolation is spoken? Then comes the children's mass at 8.30, happy urchins! they love St. Joseph's, they love it because they are happy there—the joyous shout that seems almost irreverent, springs irrepressibly from joyous hearts. So merry and so happy are they, they cannot help forgetting the Fourth commandment and being wanting in proper respect for the aged members of the "old-gentlemen's Sodality", who are now assembling as chatty as "maidens of sixteen," and who will soon make the venerable walls of that loved Church resound with notes, not acquired in the conservatories of Naples or of Paris, but notes which re-echo through Heavenly courts, and which angels accompany on well-tuned harps. How many a saint, now a member of St. Cecilia's choir, joyously smiles as he thinks of his "ora pro nobis" in the North aisle of lowly St. Joseph's. Now they are assembling for the late mass: here is a group of the "Fathers in Israel"; of what are they debating? the rise in Erie? the awards of Geneva? no! "Has that old woman in Gatzmer Street been visited?" "Why, that man, you know, with the club-foot, has three young children, two girls and one boy, we must do something for him. Let us, at least, send the girls to the Sisters' school." There is a party of laughing, romping lads, what are they discussing? the last "Base Ball Match?" "the innings of the Athletics, or the fouls of the Red-Stockings?" no! "It's my turn to serve to-day." "No, it isn't, we go up, we don't go down. John L...and Michael D.... served last Sunday, it's our turn to-day." "Do you know your piece for this afternoon?

Father... will be jolly mad if you break down in Sunday School." "I don't care, he only gave me my part on Friday—I wouldn't have got it if Gerald hadn't been sick." Do you see that red, cheerful, smiling face, making all smile who look upon it, crowned with a halo of golden red hair? That face belongs to a true son of Ignatius. Not to the sainted founder of St. Joseph's, Joseph Greaton, but to the Apostle of Philadelphia, the loved Joseph Felix Barbelin. Listen to him as he comes limping down the steps, a decade of boys surround him; "Have you settled that difficulty with Mr. N . . . . ?" "Father, it wasn't my fault." "Better get the lines,—if you don't deserve them this time, you have on many other occasions." "I didn't see you at communion on last Sunday! "Humph! humph! humph!" "How is your sister? will she be at Sunday School, this afternoon? Humph!"

As steel is drawn by the magnet, in the meanwhile, the veterans have been drawn nearer. "Humph! Yees—the tickets—all ready?"—"don't forget the advertisement in the Ledger, humph! humph!" "What's the matter with Mr. F . . . . ? he hasn't been to the Sodality for two Sundays,—humph!" An old "apple-*lady*," who has been following his limping steps, with ill-shod feet, and lifted hands, and open mouth, and happy smiling face, now catches his eye and drops a profound courtesy—"Yes, Norah, next Friday will be the first Sunday in the month,—don't forget the Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Passing is a lady dressed in the height of the fashion—"Humph! Miss—eh! don't forget Sunday School to-day." A smile and a bow is his answer. Look at that old man with a cane, why does he hasten so? mass will not be begun for ten minutes yet. He wants to hear: "Good music to-day, Martin; Haydn's No 4; Father . . . . preaches." So a word to most, a word like good seed, blessed by God, and a smile for all.

The late mass is over—see him again at his post, a word, a smile, a shake of the hand, the old and the young, the

rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner—the Irishman with his rich brogue, the German with his golden locks, the French Madame with her flowers and bows, the Italian with his swarthy complexion, the Spaniard or Mexican with his stately carriage—the American with his nonchalant air, yes—the humble African, carrying his cap in his hand, none can pass without raising the eye to see if he can gain an answering glance, to gladden his heart on his way home and form the staple of the dinner-table chat; —while many stop to speak of a sad bereavement or to tell a sorrow and hear a word of consolation and encouragement—to whisper a coming joyful surprise and receive a word of sympathy. Happy quadrangle, blessed by such steps! Dinner is over. Listen to those laughs, hear those shouts, look at those wrestling boys, can this be Sunday in the Quaker City? Yes, it is the children, the happy children of St. Joseph's, waiting for the opening of the Sunday School, waiting for Father Barbelin (Alas! no longer waiting for him, for he is gone, whither he was so desirous to take them, to Heaven.) He is gone, but they are there, and he is there in the "tablet in the Southern wall." One of St. Joseph's Sunday School's daughters, the talented, sweet-singing Eleanor C. Donnelly, thus writes:

"Once in his life he said—(God rest his soul!):
When I am dead I would be glad to lie
Near the old Church, where friends might see my grave,
And breathe a prayer for me as they passed by.

O rare humility! O saint-like fear!
Which after years of zealous ministry,
Rested with such a simple child-like faith,
Upon the prayers of sinners such as we.

God's blessing on the earnest heart that held
The words safe treasured:*—and God's blessing fall

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* The Compiler of this account, who feels most grateful for the blessing.

Like clearest sunshine, on the lives of those
Who set this tablet in the Southern wall.*

It was the one thing needed then and there:
Not that his memory could grow dim and die,
But it was good to see his pleasant face,
And feel him, as a guardian angel, nigh.

The footsteps of the children come and go,
Like sounds of summer leaves in pattering rain,
And from the wall their Father's face looks down
And seems to smile upon them once again.

Organ may peal, and consecrated chime
Summon the faithful to the holy Mass,
But surest magnet of them all—behold!
The face that seems to brighten as they pass.

The sinner ling'ring at the gate,
Afraid to enter and confess his sin,
Hears from the marble lips: 'Come, come, dear child!'
And mastered by old memories—goes in.†

Blest are the dead who in the Lord repose,
For their works follow them,—yea, holy priest!
The very meekness of the sculptured face
Wins souls to Heaven, though thy life has ceased.

O Christ! who wept when gentle Lazarus died—
Send quiet rains upon this Tablet white;
And let thy sunshine gild his brow by day,
Thy moonbeams softly silver it by night.

Silent, he seems to listen to the hum
Of childish voices in the sunny yard,
Within—the sweet Lord holds His court: without—
Dear Father Barbelin keepeth watch and ward."
June 8th, 1870.

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* The Fr. Barbelin Memorial Association.

† This prediction has more than once been verified.

At length he appears, panting and short-breathed, but smiling still the while. Is the noise stilled? it but grows the louder, those infant hearts cannot but speak their happiness in joyous shouts. The Sunday School is over—the Sodalists have sung the office of their Heavenly Mother—again the quadrangle is alive with cheerful voices, not those of children now, but those of youths, the young gentlemen and young lady Sodalists who have finished their devotions and are waiting the beginning of Vespers. At length the organ sounds and the quadrangle is nearly deserted. A joyful "Te Deum" and a solemn "Laudate Dominum" are heard and crowds again stream out into the shady enclosure. Now it will soon be quiet for the day. Oh, no! the Rosary is to be recited—the library will soon be opened—the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul cannot disperse without their usual meeting, what would the poor do? Father This and Father That are to be told, that So and So are very ill, or to be asked: "couldn't you bring Holy Communion some day this week to Mother?" or to be informed: "Father, my brother hasn't been to his duties for years, and is now dying of the Consumption, he can't last many days—we don't live in this parish, we live way down in St.——'s parish. But, Father, he won't have any body but you. Please, Father, do come and speak with him and get him to go to confession, and I'll get Father——to anoint him." Out of one door go four or five parties each carrying a little angel, that a short time before had come in a little d—l. In the other enters another party whose flowers and perfume announce a bridal.

The supper bell rings; surely now the quadrangle will be like a "banquet hall deserted!" Yes, for a while, except that some of the guests remain loth to depart. There is a last request to St. Joseph—a last "Hail Mary" to be said at our Mother's Altar – "that she will not let my mother die, that Charley may come to confession"—a last visit to Jesus in His Tabernacle of Love—to beg for this favor, to pray that

that temptation may not overpower—"I cannot tear myself away," says an old lady! "it seems so much like Heaven"

The State House Bell—noble bell, even if you are cracked and useless—glorious old State House Bell—that pealed the birth-hymn of civil liberty—there is no necessity for me to sound your paean, soon your praises will be read in every paper throughout this vast republic. The present State House Bell strikes seven. What! are the duties of the day to begin again? No:- But, perhaps, there's a meeting of the colored people, in the basement: perhaps, the particular Conference of St. Vincent de Paul meets at St. Joseph's, this evening: perhaps, the Sodality is to rehearse for the approaching celebration; perhaps,—but never mind! there they are, men and women, girls and boys, blackamoor and Celt, and there he is in the midst of them, listening to all, conversing with a score at a time, but working out his own plans the meanwhile. Dear Father, you seem as simple as the dove, but, I know, the cunning of the serpent is not wanting in you. At half-past nine the iron gate is closed, and then at last, after sixteen and a half hours, that quadrangle of St. Joseph's is, for a short while, empty and still. Blessed quadrangle! Could Father Greaton when he selected the secluded spot, beneath the spreading Walnut trees, have ever imagined such a scene? But then he had not the happiness of knowing Father Barbelin.

[*To be continued.*]

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SECOND LETTER.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER:
P. C.

The main reason, which led the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany to desire my presence in San Francisco, was the hostile attitude of the German Catholics in that city. Their church, which was situated near the harbor amidst the din and bustle of business, had become unsuitable as a house of God. They were, therefore, thinking of selecting a more convenient site in the centre of the city, when serious difficulties broke out between the Archbishop and some self-willed, headstrong members of the Congregation. The matter was taken to the secular courts, and an open rupture ensued between the chief shepherd and this discontented, wayward flock. Meanwhile the old church, which was all of iron, had fallen into utter decay and become actually unsafe. The innocent, as well as the guilty, thus found themselves without a temple of their own and were obliged to offer their adorations in our old College church, which the Fathers at St. Ignatius had kindly placed at their disposal until they would be provided with more suitable accommodations.

Such was the state of the congregation on my arrival. I was expected to bring back these refractory spirits to a sense of duty, to harmonize these discordant elements, to adjust existing differences and to remove the scandal. I soon perceived that I had entered upon a new and unexplored field of experience. I felt that the people of California were widely different in character from any that I had

hitherto dealt with. They seemed to form a race apart, almost as unlike their Texan neighbors as they are unlike the New Englanders. But a mission moves on victoriously, even amid the most untoward circumstances. It is an irresistable steam-engine of grace, which can grind a heart of quartz to dust. I opened it at once and continued it for a fortnight with unequivocal signs of Heaven's approval.

Strengthened in their faith and renewed in spirit, the Germans resolved to be Catholics in deed as well as in name. They wished to buy another lot immediately, and without further delay to build a church and school-house of their own. But there were still great obstacles to remove. Up to that time, the Archbishop had refused giving his consent, until the law-suit would have been decided. Besides this, the authors of the trouble had spread the rumor that, even should they gain the case, his Grace would never allow the Germans to build a church for their own exclusive use.

I undertook to represent the case to the Archbishop during the course of the mission. I insisted that, if he wished it to be successful, he must accede to the present wishes of the Congregation, and that he must himself lay on the altar, in the presence of the people, the document entitling the Germans to erect a new church destined exclusively for their use. I even went so far as to dictate to him the words in which he was to address them, in order to allay their suspicions. The prelate agreed to my every proposal with edifying humility, and his lenient, conciliatory conduct produced the happiest results. A new lot was purchased for about thirty thousand dollars in a very eligible part of San Francisco, and a large building was erected containing under one roof a temporary church and school-house.

Immediately after this mission, I was invited to give one in English in the church of St. Francis of Assisi, which is under the direction of the Dominican Fathers. I answered

the call with the greatest pleasure, because the journey to San Francisco, for the sole purpose of giving one mission to a single German parish, really seemed too long. Having come so far, I wished to do as much good as possible along the Pacific Coast. I cannot give the reader a better idea of the success which attended my efforts and of the consolations which I enjoyed, than by quoting an extract from an article, which appeared on that occasion in the San Francisco *Monitor*.

"One of the most successful Missions ever given in California, closed on Monday evening last, at the Church of St. Francis in this city. The well established fame of the Missionary, his towering zeal for the reclamation of sinners, his forcible eloquence, his celebrity as an author of many important works of a devotional character, all naturally attracted great numbers to see and hear him. No one was disappointed.

"From the first day of the mission the confessionals were crowded. Certain days of the week were set apart for the special instructions of married men, married women, young men and young women, and the numbers which filled the beautiful church on all occasions bear testimony to the intense interest manifested by all classes. Ten Confessors were almost constantly in attendance.—Sunday morning last at half past five the Church was filled with men of all ages; women being excluded. Every member of that vast Congregation approached the altar; old, young, and middle aged—presenting a more edifying spectacle, than was ever witnessed within a Church in San Francisco.

"At last Mass, the renewal of the baptismal vows took place. At the close of the sermon the Sanctuary was crowded with boys and girls, a number of the latter dressed in white, with flowing veils and wearing wreaths of roses. In the centre of the platform, elevated above the children, who surrounded the altar dais, stood the Missionary. In a voice clear and distinct, he ordered the Congregation to stand up, and to every question, one loud and solemn reply attested the sublimity of that strong christian faith, which enables the sincere Catholic to hold himself in readiness, to die for his religion. The fervor of their responses, the voices of the children ringing in a clear treble above the

deeper tones of the Congregation, and again the solemn exhortations of Father Weninger, beseeching them to keep faith forever pure in their souls, sent an electric thrill through the people, which found vent in tears of ineffable joy.

"Monday evening the Blessing of the Mission Cross took place and the Papal Benediction was administered. For this occasion the Altar and Sanctuary were decorated with flowers and evergreens in extraordinary profusion. Hundreds of lights dazzled around and upon the Altar, and numerous little girls arrayed in white were ranged along the rails of the Sanctuary. A splendid instrumental band and an increased choir also lent additional interest to the ceremonies. The effect was grand and replete with those soul-elevating sensations, which the ceremonies of the Church of God can alone impart. Tuesday was set apart for the enrollment of hundreds of children in the Confraternity of the Holy Infants. The offering amounted to $116 in gold. By this act the spiritual exercises in the parish of St. Francis were brought to a close,—a work which can never be effaced from the memory of any one who attended them.

"The splendid Mission Cross, some twelve feet in length, was placed in a niche over St. Joseph's Altar, and the magnificent inscription in gold letters across the arms, "He that shall persevere to the end, shall be saved," will always serve, to remind those, who attended the Mission of 1869, that their promises of amendment will avail them nothing, unless they keep them unsullied and unbroken, to the end.

"How consoling to the Missionary's heart must be the pleasure of this his first fruit among the English speaking Catholics of the Pacific Coast! In common with others we rejoiced, that in the midst of the tirades of an Anti-Catholic Press the Church moves forward with gigantic strides drawing still closer around her devoted children, and adding many a stray sheep, which is not yet of the flock, to the one fold and the one shepherd. Several professions of faith took place, and others are being instructed previous to their reception into the Church."

From San Francisco I passed on to Marysville and gave a Retreat to the clergy in the diocese of Grass Valley. It is presided over by Bishop O' Connel, who had wished me since many years back to give the spiritual exercises to his flock. Thanks be to Heaven, the first effects were most

consoling to his heart and to mine. Indeed, according to my experience, no mission is accompanied with such copious showers of grace as one given to priests.

As our Fathers are frequently called upon to give Retreats to the Clergy, they will not consider it out of place here to record what personal experience has taught concerning this particular kind of mission. In the first place, I regard an absolute silence as an indispensable condition for complete success. To ensure this point, a Retreat to all the priests in common should never exceed three or four days. A full *Triduum*, with an introduction on the eve of the first day and a concluding meditation on the morning of the fourth, is quite sufficient. Priests, as a general rule, are very willing to close their lips for three or four days, but no longer.

If it is not possible, for want of sufficient accommodation, to furnish them all with private rooms, the large halls in which they are lodged, should be partitioned off with curtains, and each one be provided with a separate compartment to which he may retire to avoid the temptation of speaking. Each of these little cells or rooms should be supplied with paper, pen and ink, but especially with some ascetical work or the life of a Saint.

During these three days, I am in the habit of giving eleven Meditations and three Conferences. I do not content myself with merely explaining the *points* to them, and then leaving them to meditate by themselves. As a general rule, they are not accustomed to meditate, and if abandoned to themselves are apt to spend the time in an idle, listless way with but little profit to their souls. It is much better to stay with them the whole hour and go through the Meditations with them, suggesting such pious affections and resolutions as the subject naturally calls forth. After this, they may withdraw to their own apartments and spend a quarter of an hour in pondering over what they have heard. This exercise, which our Holy Father calls the

"Regustatio Spiritus," often contributes more than the Meditation itself to inspire them with salutary resolutions. I also make the particular examen with them at noon and at night. This enables me to rekindle their fervor, to dwell upon the importance of silence and retirement and to move them to still greater fidelity during the following half day. At night, after the *points* have been explained, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed upon the altar, the "Miserere" is sung by all, the Benediction given and night prayers recited in common.

A Retreat conducted in this manner cannot fail, it seems to me, to be crowned with success. If, after eleven Meditations and three Conferences, a priest is not renewed in spirit, if he is not resolved to make a good confession and to lead a life worthy of his high calling, no good need be expected from him by protracting the exercises of the Retreat. He will only grow more and more weary of his present condition, because he is out of the common routine of daily life to which he has become accustomed, and probably deprived of many little creature comforts which he enjoys at home. If he has not been cured by the terror-striking considerations of the first three days, he is apt to nauseate less fearful subjects altogether, to turn the most wholesome spiritual food into deadly poison and only add to the weight of his accountability before God. At the very least, you must expect that he will throw off the irksome restraint put upon him and show but little regard for silence and recollection. I sometimes say, in connection with this subject: St. Paul had made a Retreat of but three days, when the scales fell from his eyes. If they do not fall from the eyes of a sinful priest after the same length of time, they will not fall off at all; on the contrary, there is danger of their hardening and becoming still more difficult to remove. A French Bishop has justly remarked; "Un prêtre, qui n'est pas converti à la troisième journée, est tué par la quatrième;—a priest, who is not converted on the third day, is killed by the fourth."

Besides, if the Retreat begins on Monday or Tuesday evening and finishes on Friday or Saturday morning, a goodly number of priests can attend without depriving their congregations for a single Sunday of divine worship. The priests themselves will be less reluctant to repeat such a Retreat, as often as an occasion offers; and the Father who gives it, will save time "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

While I was thus engaged, I received a letter from his Grace, Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon, inviting me to give missions in all his dioceses. He urged me to "seize time by the forelock" and be ahead of the cold season which would soon be upon us. The Bishop of Marysville, on the other hand, advised me to defer the missions in his diocese on account of the intense heat. Accordingly, I resolved to consult the wishes of both of these prelates as well as the comfort of the people, and to start immediately for Oregon. Before asking my readers to accompany me thither in spirit, I trust they will allow me to detain them a little on what has been to me a subject of heartfelt consolation.

In Marysville, which I was just going to quit for a season, I fell in with some distinguished American converts, who had been brought to the faith by reading my little volume on "Protestantism and Infidelity;" and elsewhere I discovered to my great surprise that, through that book, I was almost better known among Americans on the Pacific Coast than in the Atlantic Cities. The San Francisco *Monitor* almost reproduced the work in its columns; and in the Railway cars, as well as on the boats, converts addressed me who had perused its pages and who expressed the most cordial joy on seeing its author.

Among the unknown friends, whose acquaintance I thus unexpectedly made, was a man from the great "Indian Reservation" on the Pacific Coast, who once sent me a letter to Buffalo to announce an extraordinary conversion. Two stray copies of "Protestantism and Infidelity" had found their way to the "Reservation," and one of these had been put

into the hands of an American, who had been committed to prison for murder. He read it, recognized the claims of our holy Faith and was received into the bosom of the Church. While standing upon the gallows, previous to his execution, he addressed the crowd; and confessing his crime, he thanked God who out of so enormous an evil, had been pleased to draw so great a good for his soul. He expressed the firm confidence that being now a member of the true and only saving Church of Christ, he would appear cleansed from his sins in the presence of a merciful Judge, and despite his past iniquities would be admitted to the joys of heaven. As was expected his words made a deep impression on the people; and when I heard of the occurrence, I immediately sent fifty more copies for distribution among the protestants in that part of the country.

I have taken the liberty to state these particulars, not—as I hope—from any selfish satisfaction, but from a desire to confirm by fresh, living examples and personal experience what every member of the Society already knows from our annals and family traditions—that good books are one of the most powerful weapons, which we can wield as soldiers of the cross. Yet, often, perhaps, we practically underrate their importance and feel tempted to abandon the labor of composition altogether, for the more exciting and possibly more attractive duties of the pulpit.

Had I come to this country dumb, I would never regret having crossed the ocean, so long as I would have been allowed to use my pen, and spread my works abroad. Up to the present I have been enabled by my own exertions to circulate books to the amount of some two hundred thousand dollars; and I engage all my brethren to use their individual as well as their united efforts in a similar undertaking. Their eloquence can attract but a limited number of hearers, and at best must cease with their lives; their writings may be read and reread by millions and continue the good begun, when the authors themselves have

gone to their reward. I should only feel too happy, if a word of recommendation from me would induce many to walk in the footprints left by a Possevin and other distinguished writers of the Society, even at a time when the press was not yet that powerful engine of good or evil which it has become in our days, and when the Church did not yet urge her educated and sworn defenders so repeatedly and so earnestly as our own Pius has done, to counteract the pernicious influence of the infidel books, slanderous pamphlets and immoral squibs, which stock the literary market and which are bought up and devoured with such dangerous greed, owing to a want of more wholesome nourishment.

It is for us—who are particularly called upon to break to the hungry the bread of holy doctrine—to supply this urgent demand, to diminish this dearth of sound intellectual food and prevent the children of the household from famishing, or begging for a poisoned crumb at the door of a stranger. Great, beyond measure, was the encouragement I received, when the Holy Father himself wrote to me, that by my work on the "Infallible Authority of the Pope," I had done more good than by all the missions which I had given throughout the States. Certain it is that, should God require me to renounce either the merits gained by my sermons or those gained by my books, I should exclaim without hesitation: "Leave me those of my books, I renounce those of my sermons."

Such considerations as these were almost enough to attach my heart to Marysville. I embarked, however, for Oregon in the beginning of September, and felt happy in the thought that I was traveling on the same ocean, on which St. Francis Xavier had traveled in his missionary expeditions of old. It is called the Pacific; but along the shores of California up towards Oregon and Washington Territory, this appellation is seemingly a *lucus a non lucendo.* The tide nearly always runs high, and chafing with

reckless fury bears you along on a crest of foam. I particularly recollect the terror of a New Englander one stormy day, as he looked in horror out upon the seething mountains of water, and ever and anon repeated the significant exclamation "awful! awful!"

However as I had the first cabin on board, I was able to say Mass every day. I never sacrificed to Neptune on sea, and to my comfort I discovered, that though the Pacific was rough, its waves were quite different from those of the Atlantic. On the latter, particularly about the Gulf of Mexico, they are sharp and broken; on the former—possibly because of the difference in the temperature—they rise gradually like extensive hills, and consequently in stormy weather the motions of the steamer are not so violent.

As our route lay along the shore, we enjoyed the grand and truly picturesque scenery presented by the mountain chains, and particularly by the towering heights of Mt. Shasta. The deep too added its share to the romance of the trip. The many whales that perform their awkward gambols, apparently for the diversion of the traveler, and the seals or sea-lions that cover the passing rocks—all entertain him on his way and relieve that *ennui*, which is seen to come over the majority of men, when for days in succession they see nothing but the same monotonous expanse of sea and sky. The ocean itself was often to me an object of intense wonder and delight, when in the evening, at a certain angle of the setting sun, all its massive waves seemed to be changed into so much liquid silver and cast a brilliant sheen around us.

After a pleasant voyage,we approached at last the dreaded "Columbia Bar"—one of the most difficult places to pass, on account of the masses of sand gathered at the mouth of that mighty river. It is lined on both sides by fortifications —the one called *Fort Stevens*, the other *Fort Disappointment*. The name of the latter may have originated in the disappointment of those who had expected to come into port

AM. PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC CO. N.Y. (OSBORNE'S PROCESS.)

REFERENCES TO THE MAP.

1. Florence Copper Mine.
2. Springfield " "
3. Chrome Ore Mines and Crushing Mills.
4. U. S. Arsenal.
5. Bare Hill Copper Mine.
6. New Mount Hope Insane Asylum (Sisters of Charity).
7. Powder Mills.
8. Soap Stone Quarry.
9. Woodstock Scholasticate.
10. Asbestos Quarry.
11. St. Charles' College (St. Sulpice).
12. Carroll Manor (Hon. Charles Carroll of Carrollton).
13. Patapsco Female Institute.
14. House of Study (Redemptorists).
15. Academy of Mount de Sales (Sisters of the Visitation).
16. Sulphur Springs.
17. Baltimore Alms House.
18. Fort McHenry.
19. Rock Hill College (Christian Brothers).

‡ Church or Meeting House.

o Mill or Factory.

□ Mine.

s. School.

st. Country Store.

b. Blacksmith or Wheelwright.

there, but who sometimes had to wait for eight or ten days before they could cross the bar. Fortunately we experienced no difficulty, but went smoothly over to Astoria, and from thence to Portland, the "Empire City" of Oregon.

And here I must halt awhile, leaving my readers to muse over its real or imaginary grandeurs. More in my next.

With many regards

Yours affectionately in Dno.

F. X. WENINGER.

WOODSTOCK,

ITS SURROUNDINGS AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Our first modest attempts to emulate the example of the European Scholasticates, by publishing periodical letters and notices, has, in the remoter parts of our North American provinces and missions, excited a pardonable curiosity to know more about Woodstock. Anxious as not a few have shown themselves to glean, be it even from a stray letter, or from an occasional wayfarer, whatever information they can concerning this young Scholasticate, we must confess we are not a whit less so to gratify their desire, and fondly to dwell on what the Society has with no niggard hand provided for the formation and well-being of her children. It is for the present the only means of testifying our gratitude, though at best it is but a poor return for so much goodness and foresight.

Under the above heading we purpose to crowd into a few pages the merest tithe of what may be said on, for us at least, so interesting a subject. Much will be left for those who follow in our wake to descant upon in more becoming phrase, and for this reason at the very outset we bespeak all possible indulgence.

Into the upper waters of the Chesapeake, that bay of many beauties, one hundred and fifty miles from the Ocean, the Patapsco discharges the tributes it has received from torrent, fount and stream among the uplands of what is here termed the Western Shore. Even ten miles from its mouth, the Patapsco is a broad expanse, for which *bay* or *inlet* would be no misnomer.

At this point, on a site of more than ordinary beauty, rise on hill-side and terrace the familiar domes and spires of the Monumental City. It bears, as we all know, the name of the elder Calvert; but with it is associated also the memory of those wholesouled men, who, without the savage bigotry of the puritan, dared like dangers, displayed equal fortitude, shook off the same religious intolerance and would have gained the same, if not greater applause from men, had they worshipped at any other altar save that of Truth.

It was befitting that under the shadow of the Metropolitan Church the general American Scholasticate should spring into life. May Providence vouchsafe to it a greater longevity than that enjoyed a decade of years ago by the first American Scholasticate, planted by some strange coincidence within two score miles of Plymouth rock. But while wishing it a more protracted term of usefulness, we could scarcely augur for it one of more unmingled happiness than that which fell to the lot of Boston College so long as it endured. There were we gathered together under the kindest of fathers, around whose brow beamed a something less in keeping with earth than mere human benevolence, a something suggestive of the halo of the

martyr, a something akin to the seal the servants of God are to bear before this wicked world is stricken. Those who were fortunate enough to live under that mild sway, amidst brothers of many nations, of many minds, but of one heart, will easily conceive that no greater praise can be lavished on Woodstock than to say, it justly claims as its birthright and its inheritance the same public virtues: a similar kindness in the rulers and an equally close bond of fraternal charity amongst the ruled. This antonomastically is the virtue of the American Scholastic, and the Great Apostle or the Beloved Disciple were they to visit in body this religious community made up of so many nationalities could scarcely do else than marvel at what the world would call cosmopolitan good-fellowship, but which ennobled by a higher motive, hallowed by membership with Christ, can be termed naught else than universal Charity.

To dwell on the personnel of the house, or the professional staff, would be presumptuous. The Catholic countries of the Old World have been laid under contribution. We have but to thank our Mother the Society for her discernment. We repeat for the hundredth time it is true, but it will be a more emphatic declaration in these pages, that all are enraptured with their kindness, their devotedness and . . . . *reparabilis adsonat echo.*

Blest therefore by Providence, as is this house, with the best available talent of our European provinces, it is not the less favored by nature, when we consider the advantages of its position. As to what may have been the object of the founders of the Society in expressing the wish that its scholastic youth be trained in the great centres of the Old World, we shall not stop to enquire; but as things since then have undergone a radical change, and since the great catholic universities have all but ceased to exist, there are few drawbacks and many unquestionable advantages in solitude. It favours study and a religious spirit which should go hand in hand with learning; there are charms, as we were told in

youth in poetic strain, which sages have seen in the face of Solitude: to these charms Woodstock can lay claim, for Woodstock before all is a solitude.

Some fifteen miles in a direct line from the city, it is fully five and twenty by rail, owing to the windings of the Patapsco which the Baltimore and Ohio railroad follows in its route. This great thoroughfare of western traffic on leaving Baltimore deviates, as may be seen by consulting the accompanying map, first to the southwest until it reaches the Relay House, where it effects a junction with the Washington line. Here it abruptly turns to the northwest, enters at Illchester the gorge hewn out of the solid rock during the lapse of ages by the falls of the Patapsco, traverses Ellicott's City, and crossing and re-crossing the river at Elysville, after many windings, finally passes the village of Woodstock on its way to the Cumberland coal region and the far West.

The hills on either side of the river are abrupt and in many places precipitous, crowned with cedar groves, or woods of oak, maple, hickory, the tulip poplar, the gum, the fragrant sassafras and the more humble dogwood, whose profuse white flowers in the full bloom of spring are in striking contrast with the crimson blossoms of the Judas-tree, and whose blood red berries in the glow of an Indian summer show even brighter than the brilliant hues of our American forests in autumn.

The rocky sides of the river-slopes are studded with mountain laurel, and so thoroughly are its branches interwoven, that it forms all but an impenetrable thicket, affording safe covert for rabbit, fox and quail, while the glades and snatches of neglected clearings or fallow lands are fairly resplendent with the beautiful azalea.

A hundred feet or more above the river bed stretches out a table land of more or less rolling country, broken more and more the nearer you approach the course of the numerous larger streams, which from north-west to south-east traverse the countries bordering on the Chesapeake.

AM. PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC CO. N.Y. (OSBORNE'S PROCESS.)

It is on the brow of one of these eminences of more gradual ascent that we first catch a glimpse of the Scholasticate. Its appearance is about that portrayed in the accompanying sketch, which was taken from a point scarcely thirty feet below the level of the front garden. The main portion of the hill does not enter into the picture.

There is an object almost at the outskirts of the sparse woods fringing the crest of the hill which arrests our attention as we advance. It is a nondescript edifice as yet without roof, and bears, as it now stands, a striking resemblance to those platforms which adorn the *garten* of the Teuton.

From this position the scene is indeed one to be despised by no lover of nature. The serpentine course of the Patapsco, so far down beneath us that the noise of its waters as they dash over the rocks at the ford is toned down to a gentle murmur: the vista between the hills, whose rough contour is softened by the woodlands on their slopes: the strip of fertile meadow at the margin of the stream: the island with its rank growth of reeds and willows, the stream itself silvered by distance and the play of light: the pearly mist hanging veil-like midway down the valley, and the haze at the horizon, which, with more than artist's skill, heightens the atmospheric perspective: the stark piers of the broken bridge suggestive of scenes of violence amidst one of peace and beauty; such in a few hurried strokes is the rough outline of a charming picture, simple in itself, without grandeur in complex or detail, but one on which the eye reposes with pleasure, as in it, as in all else in nature, it finds the beauty of proportion and of color, it discovers the handiwork of Him who reared alike the ponderous peaks of the Matterhorn and unfolded the smiling plains of Andalusia or Touraine.

To this add the music of those many minstrels, which travelers could not have heard when they wrote down our forests as silent, those minstrels of gaudy plumage from the robin and mocking-bird of more sombre hue to the ori-

ole, the cardinal, the humming-bird, the mottled thrush and of a thousand others, all peculiar to our American shores, and these charms will be appreciated not by the foreigner alone. The unpretending hamlet of Woodstock, consisting of scarcely a dozen houses, nestles snugly in a fold of the hills halfway up the southern slope, seemingly unconscious that it lies within a score of miles of one of the great centres of American civilization.

We have delayed you long, perhaps too long, *ad limina Scholasticorum.* One pause more ere we reach the entrance. The garden with its grass plots and many colored platbands is of but two summers' growth. It is the result of patient toil on the part of the scholastics during their leisure hours.

Those who wish to inspect the interior of the house we refer to a back number of the *Letters and Notices*, (March 1870.) Those on the contrary who still delight to breathe the open air, we shall lead anon through the shady paths which have already been so often trodden, and which for many a coming year will be trodden still more frequently by the votaries of Philosophy and Theology.

And here it would be well to remark that a negative process in describing the site and vicinity of our house would perhaps afford more satisfaction to those who have sojourned at one or other of the scholasticates of France or England. Woodstock, it is needless to say, is neither Laval, St. Achœul, Vals, Fourvière, nor St. Beuno's.

At Laval, St. Michael's overlooks an antiquated city, with crooked streets and quaint old buildings. Here, on the contrary, you could easily imagine yourself in a country but recently settled. The click-clack of the hand-loom, which greets the ear of the scholastic as he saunters along the peacefully flowing Mayenne, has on the wild banks of the Patapsco at this point no corresponding sounds of industry save at times the measured stroke of the woodman's axe. Neither has the Woodstock student the advantage

during the midsummer vacation of being welcomed to a new home* by the mother of a martyr and a saint.

St. Achœul possesses attractions of its own. Its shady alleys of linden, which with matchless symmetry, all but meet over head so as effectually to exclude the sun's rays and to catch at the same time the faintest breath of the breeze if stirring; its incomparable garden laid out by a Le Nôtre, would scarcely remind an inmate of our house of the umbrageous by roads and meandering paths through woodlands planted by nature's hand alone, and left untutored in their wild and exuberant growth. The snug retreat of Cagny whence philosophy and the classics are banished for the nonce; where, we might say without fear of being contradicted by those who have ever passed a fortnight of a summer's month amidst its bowers, the morning excitator assumes the agreeable form of a score or so of nightingales warbling with persistent energy at your window, and where the same welcome sound lulls you to repose at night: Boves with its ruins and the low turf fields of Longeau, so lately crimsoned with the noblest blood of France; Wailly, Prousul, once the home of the hero of Castelfidardo, Picquigny and the abbatial ruins of Corbie have no place in our map—And oh! the grand old aisles of Amiens Cathedral—ever within an easy stage, when the scholastic's only trouble is to decide whither to bend his steps, we find no term of comparison for them on this side of the Atlantic, much less in our immediate vicinity.

Fourvière, fostering in her bosom a sacred shrine, resort of pious pilgrims, looks down unconcerned upon the bustling streets of the second city of the Gauls. There at her feet the Rhone and Saône mingle their waters, bearing on their united floods silken fabrics to the ports of the Mediterranean, and far off in the east one can just catch a

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* Villa of Grenousse—Country seat of Mde. Ducoudray.

glimpse of the eternal snows, which mantle the summit of Mount Blanc.

Who of us has not heard of Vals even on this side of the Atlantic? What few points of resemblance between that time-honored abode of learning, commanding from its terraced garden a view of Notre Dame de France and Mont Corneille, and our Woodstock, on whose walls the mortar is barely dry, round whose name clings as yet scarcely a memory of the past. Vals, region of incomparable walks, village of picturesque surroundings, did ever scholastic under your roof despair of finding a new object of interest to visit on the ever welcome Thursday or on any other auspicious day on that goodly list of extra *vacats*, which graced, better than vignette of gold, your venerable *diarium?* Extinct craters, mountains of basalt and trap, les Orgues d'Espally, le Gerbier, Polignac, Ceysac and a thousand other equally interesting spots, each claims a day for itself. Mons, of all villas the most agreeable, from whose keep the less inclined to physical exertion can scan a horizon of mountains and inhale the bracing air which sweeps up from the ravine of the Loire, we would welcome you bodily to our shores were it among the order of things possible. Where in all Velay, region built up by Titans, can be found a scene of such wild, rugged and sublime beauty as that which the philosopher or theologian commands when looking down upon Les Horreurs de la Loire? Throned on pinnacle of trap, or basaltic column, your eyes repose on the sombre forest of mountain-pine lying at your feet. Beyond they wander over luxuriant villages and vineclad slopes; then they take in the Loire with its all but impossible windings; still further on across the ever impetuous but pellucid torrent, mountain on mountain piled, with craggy sides dotted here and there with sunlit hamlets, or the white towers of feudal strongholds perched on unapproachable sites; then at the horizon high above the jagged outline of the Cevennes tower the snow-capped peaks of the Mezin, perhaps, if in a mild May, faintly wreathed in the vapors of its melting snow.

We must also confess that in the vicinity of Woodstock few of those spectacles of tender piety, peculiar to Catholic countries, but exotic in this heretical land, rejoice the religious heart, as they invariably do in the immediate neighborhood of Vals. No gatherings at their thresholds of indefatigable Ponottes, industriously occupied at their bobbin-work, weaving lace and singing motets in their own peculiar *patois*, not the less harmonious for not being understood.

Your sister scholasticate does not forget that you are yet sorrowing, but in a religious spirit, for the loss of him whom all loved more tenderly than a second father. The name of your late amiable Rector* is engraven on more than one heart in the far-off land and even under this hospitable roof; and as he will not be forgotten in our thoughts he will live also in our prayers ready in turn to bless and assist us should he already have reached the term of all his hopes and aspirations. The Scholasticate of Woodstock can well sympathize with you in your sorrow, for young as it is it has already to lament the long severance, until the day of final greeting, of eternal fellowship, from the kindest of teachers, the gentlest of hearts, the most beloved where all are held so dear.† The loss is wholly ours, and we mean not to repine, since he has already met with his reward for the many years he has toiled in the vineyard of his Master; and as we bend over the new-made grave in that little grove which crowns the hill, those sweet lines of Callanan break spontaneously from our lips:

Oh! 'tis a placid rest;
Who should deplore it!
Trance of the pure and blest,
Angels watch o'er it!
Sleep of his mortal night,
Sorrow can't break it;
Heaven's own morning light
Alone shall awake it.

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* Father J. B. Rouquayrol. † Father Charles M. Maldonado.

Nobly thy course is run;
Splendor is round it!
Bravely thy fight is won;
Freedom hath crowned it!
In the high warfare
Of heaven grown hoary,
Thou'rt gone like the summer sun
Shrouded in glory.

St. Beuno's, last in our enumeration but not so on the roll of honor, we regret that we are not more familiar with your surroundings! We have heard of your superb walk in that land next to the Highlands of mountain and of glen; the fame of your noble oak has reached our ears; we have wandered in fancy to the beetling cliffs of Barmouth, or stood on its long jetty; we have all but bathed in the surf which breaks on the shingled beach. The little we can glean from what has been whispered across the waste of waters serves but to whet our curiosity and we stand ready to be enlightened when convenience or leisure may allow.

Such then are the physical features of the several Scholasticates enumerated. Different in many points, we all know that they are one in spirit, one in the mode of training, one in their object. All have been chosen with an eye to our comfort and convenience. The skilful gardener, when he sets out the young slip in the nursery grounds, chooses the richest soil, the best irrigated slope, the sunniest spot, the most sheltered from the northern blast. The nursery grounds of the Society are chosen with like discernment. We are in a word the spoilt children of the Society. Much as this is exemplified elsewhere it is not the less so here. We insist not on what is expended on our mental and spiritual culture, for in this each separate scholasticate is but the counterpart of the others; but with what has been done for our physical well-being we might fill pages. And in this particular we make bold to say that there is no scholasticate which enjoys so many advantages as Woodstock.

Were we even confined to our two hundred and fifty acres, we should certainly be more fortunate than others are in most houses of study. The grounds, though as yet but little improved by landscape gardening, are broken and hilly; agreeably diversified with knoll and dell, clad in their own wild beauty; here and there, though of rare occurrence we meet with a level stretch of meadow. The numerous streams with rocky beds and diminutive cascades are one of the features of the demesne. Springs abound, and send forth their little rills to refresh you at every turn; some are chalybeate, though their medicinal properties have not been thoroughly tested. The roads and paths which intersect the woods in every direction and wind along the Patapsco, seeing what little labour has been expended on them, are already the admiration of visitors, and when properly graded and protected from the wear of the rain will be incomparable. If we extend our walks beyond the College limits and beyond the range of the accompanying plot, towards the North and the North-East, we can follow for hours the forest roads without once emerging into the full glare of the summer sun.

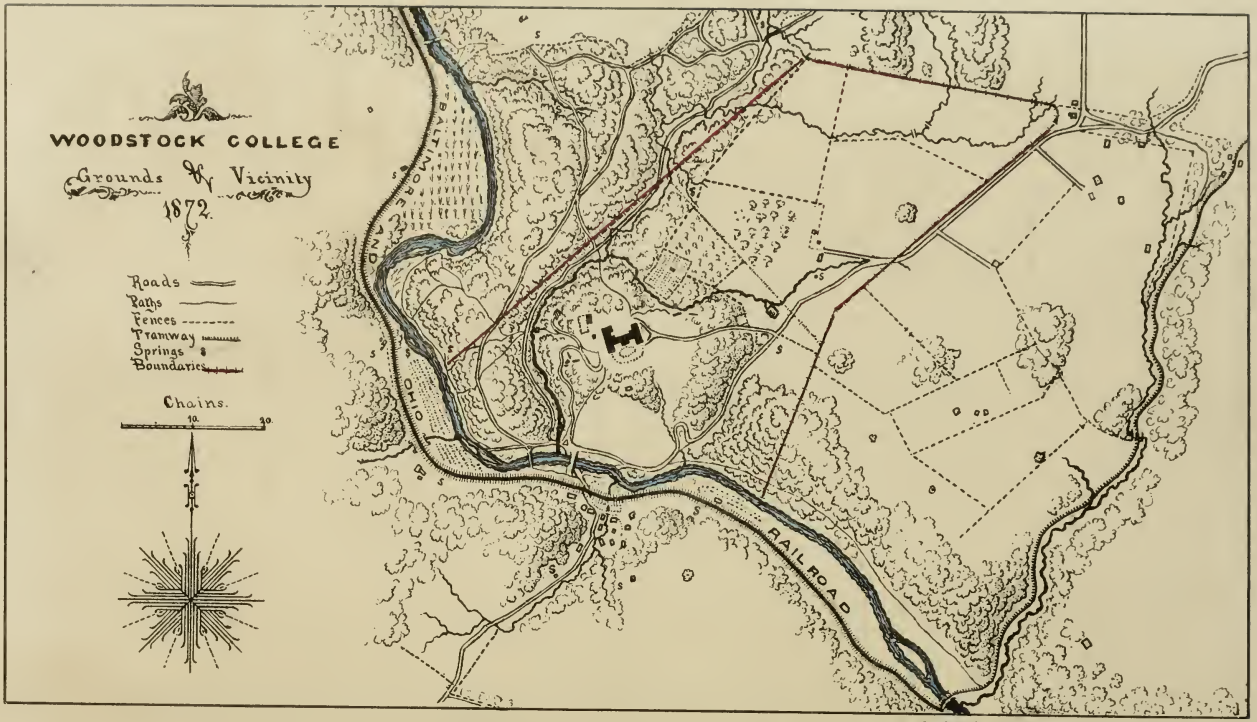
Our little river furnishes us in summer with many an hour of invigorating exercise. Our fleet at one time numbered seven galleys; and in the twilight hours of the *vacatio major* bore many a light-hearted crew gallantly up the Patapsco to the favourite rendezvous near the grotto. On more solemn occasions the little craft are decked out gaily with pennon and oriflamb. The shores resound with song and chorus and the merry laugh of a hundred hard worked mortals, who in these wilds, where their noisy outpourings are never heeded unless perhaps by the echoes of the hills, are bent on exercising their lungs and making the most of a few weeks of relaxation after the tugging and straining of a twelvemonth. We said that our fleet once numbered seven, and advisedly, for the treacherous little stream which with so innocent a murmur steals past our shores, swollen

by last September's rain, swept three from their moorings. A stray plank or painted gunwale riding the foaming, seething torrent was all that was ever seen of them after they passed the dams at Ellicott's Mills.

This was but one of the freaks of the Patapsco, for the tale of many a disaster can be read along its shores. Those who have visited the bend and the forks at the outlet of the North Branch will well remember the acres of debris of all kinds borne thither and there deposited by the stream. Bridge-girders, trestle-work, shafts and mill-wheels, stanchions of dams, giant trunks, all heaped up promiscuously, after leaving the marks of their passage along the banks; where trees are uprooted or bent to the ground with their tops imbedded in sand. In time they put forth new limbs while in this anomalous position, thus perpetuating the memory of the watery inroads. Railroad sleepers and odds and ends of all kinds are lodged high up in the clefts of trees; in one instance,—and many will recollect the curiosity as it remained in position a couple of years,—a wheelbarrow was entangled in the branches of a sapling and remained suspended at least twenty feet above the ground. Similar sights are familiar in the neighbourhood; but further down the stream at Ellicott's Mills, or above on Piney Run, which was at one time dotted with mills, ruins of what was once the most solid masonry fully attest the resistless fury of angry waters. Huge rocks and ponderous bowlders have been borne down with all else and left high and dry in new sites when the waters abated.

It was during one of these floods, a little better than three years ago, that the Woodstock bridge yielded and in its downward trip swept with it to destruction a second bridge about a mile below the village, and Woodstock College was thus cut off from its base of supplies.

Near the extreme western angle of the property, high up on the bank there are further traces of violence; but this was the work of the winds and not of the flood. The Col-



AM. PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC CO. N.Y. (OSBORNE'S PROCESS.)

lege at the time of the occurrence was scarcely roofed in. A few of the laborers and the director of the works were then the sole inmates. It was during the dark hours of the night. The hurricane, for it can be called naught else, swept down the Patapsco and striking as we have said the extreme western corner of the property, spread ruin everywhere in its track. The sturdiest trunks were snapped asunder, the largest oaks and poplars were laid low and tossed together in the wildest confusion. The course of the whirlwind was eastward, up the steep bank, across the little stream to the west of the building and passing a short distance behind the house, whilst those within expected every minute to be buried beneath the walls, expended its force in the little valley at the foot of the garden. In a few brief minutes the most beautiful grove of the entire property, but a stone's throw to the rear of the College, became an unsightly mass of splintered trunks or a heap of uprooted trees. He who has set a limit to the billows and holds also the winds in check, that night extended a protecting hand over a house which was in days not distant to send forth many a sturdy warrior to do battle in His service. The founder of this edifice arrived the next day and saw to his dismay how much the storm had disfigured the surroundings of the scholasticate. He has since drawn good from evil. The greater part of the fallen timber has been corded and burned ; but what still remains, at his suggestion, is hacked at unremittingly by our more delicately constituted brethren who swing an axe for an hour or so daily in quest of a more robust health.

During the cooler autumn months, the scholastic abandons the shore of the Patapsco and finds all the exercise he needs at the ball or bowling alleys. Both the Philosophers and the Theologians have at no little expense been provided with one of each. These alleys can, after close scrutiny, be descried on the map to the east and west of the house, distant a hundred yards or more.

When December and January have frozen the river over, the scholastic, fully alive to the fact that of all kinds of exercise skating is by far the most invigorating, burnishes up his somewhat rusted blades, the scholasticate once more pours out its little population, and the banks of the Patapsco again become a scene of exhilarating life.

With the return of spring come the long walks. The points of interest on such occasions, when something more than a mere picnic is determined on, are, St. Charles' College, Carroll Manor, New Mount Hope, and the Redemptorists' House of Study at Illchester. Or if the excursionists have a turn for blending the useful with the agreeable, the Sykesville copper and loadstone mines, the asbestos and soapstone quarries, or the chrome ore mines and crushing mills, are all within reach. The region is rich in almost every variety of minerals though it is not always easy to secure the best specimens. The entomologist could have no better field in which to prosecute his favorite study. The choicest specimens of Coleoptera, Lepidoptera, Neuroptera, etc., abound. Our collections are not yet sufficiently complete to make any offer of exchanges on a large scale; but we are willing to do our best to please correspondents and to receive with gratitude any foreign or rare specimens. There is no reason why the museums of all our colleges should not be complete since we have facilities so much greater than other scientific bodies.

After this rambling and rather gossiping communication on Woodstock, we can scarcely draw our remarks to a close without apologizing to our readers for having omitted many things of interest which might have been said, inserted others which might have been much better said, and touched upon not a few, perhaps, which might with advantage have been left out altogether. Whatever be the front of our offending, our intention, like that of many other weak but good-natured people, was the best. We were bent on offering something to those who have so often expressed a wish to know what sort of a place Woodstock is.

The subject indeed is one well deserving of further notice; for upon this spot is centred the keenest interest not of one Province alone or of one country, but of an entire continent, whilst the Society in Europe cannot look with indifference on the prosperity of this house.

The old Catholic nations, hitherto so staunch in their faith, are convulsed. Persecution is again in vogue, and in spite of the reiterated boast of liberal civilizers that its days were run, that it might stain a page of past history but could never crimson the spotless future; in spite of the confident assurance that hereafter enlightenment alone was to dispel the superstitions of religion, or that at least against such shadowy forms no more efficient weapon need be resorted to; in spite of much self-glorification and empty jargon, we find ourselves once more fairly stranded in the midst of those scenes of violence, in which forever revel religious revolutionists and reformers.

It has been found by the enemies of Holy Church, and be it to their confusion, that she prospers in the same ratio as education is extended to the masses and her liberty guaranteed. The consequence is that a different method must hereafter be followed if they would arrest her onward progress. Her teachers must be proscribed, and the intelligent youth of every country must be wrested from her sway.

Driven from the cradle lands of the Society our persecuted brethren must, if things run on in this groove much longer, finally look to America for a home. Their houses of study are either closed in most European countries or still endure by the merest sufferance of political rulers, who themselves are toyed with by the sects. Already our walls shelter the studying youth of many different nationalities, and not to mention countries severed from us by an Ocean, the Spanish islands, the missions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, as well as those washed by the Pacific, the New England States, the vast inland territories lying along the

Mississippi and the Missouri, the British maritime provinces and the Canadas are all represented in this house. Still will we welcome with outstretched arms all those whom ungrateful Europe will force to shake off her dust and to seek a home in the land of the stranger.

What God reserves in his mercy for this great continent the future alone can disclose. Could we but tear aside the veil which shuts out the morrow from our gaze, we might then speak with some assurance on the part this scholasticate is called upon to play. But judging by the vast strides our holy religion has already made, judging by the increasing numbers of the faithful, and the immense, nay, almost inconceivable extent of territory which still lies fallow in the West, though bound already together by all the modes of modern rapid travel, we may form some faint surmise of its future usefulness.

Those, whom it already fosters in its bosom, will in a few years be scattered over the face of this land. They will penetrate the fastnesses of the great table lands of the West, scour its boundless prairies in quest of souls, scale the rocky barrier which severs the Atlantic from the Pacific slope, witness in all probability the final extinction of the savage tribes, and lay their last warriors to rest shriven and fortified by the rites of Holy Church. They will bear the only truly freedom-imparting words to the manumitted race of the South, labour in the fields of the Divine Husbandman along the shores of the St. Lawrence and in the extreme North, proclaim in the heart of the great centres of population the principles of true civilization and of progress, or wear away their lives in training up new children to the Church and to society; in a word they will be the thews and sinews of a Catholic people, their labours will extend over an area of six million five hundred and ninety five thousand square miles, a world in itself, rescue from the throes of infidelity a nascent empire, and exercise perhaps an unseen but not less real influence on the immense

and restless energies of this rising nation, forming it to good or turning it from evil in the same proportion that their work is blessed by Heaven. God grant that this blessing may be abundant.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Cœur d'Alene Mission, Idaho Territory,
April 2, 1872.

Rev. Fr. De Smet, S. J.

P. C.

Rev. and Dear Father:

I do not know how to thank your Rev. for the many and great favors we have received from you. Even the Indians, slow as they are in matters of this kind, acknowledge with gratitude the many benefits you have conferred on them. In fact, this present letter is more theirs than my own. On Easter Sunday all the Chiefs assembled at the mission, held a meeting, and decided on sending an *haiminen* (a letter) to your Rev., their first Father Black-gown ; after which they deputed one of their number to request me to write the *haiminen* to Black-gown De Smet, in their name, and thank him for his favors and kindness in their regard, with an ardent wish that he might visit them once more. I answered that I would willingly comply with their desire, but that I thought the request for a visit was rather bold, as Black-gown De Smet was now advanced in years, and no longer able to travel so great a distance on horseback. They coincided with me on this point, and added : "Should he not be able to come and see us, he will, at all events, be glad to

hear that the Cœur d'Alenes still retain a grateful remembrance of him." So I promised to write for them.

I can assure you, Rev. Father, that you have truly great motives to rejoice in being the founder of this mission; for these "poor Indians," as they are often styled, manifest a spirit of piety and morality which those who have never dwelt among them would hardly credit.

Yesterday before returning to their several camps to work their little farms, they signified their intention of coming back to the mission towards the end of the month, in order to be present at the devotions of the Month of Mary. I am confident they will keep their word as they did last year.

The day before yesterday, all the Indians, without a single exception, approached the Holy Sacraments. I think there is hardly another people or tribe on earth of which the same can be said.

Matrimonial affairs (which are in so disorderly a state among the different tribes that surround the Cœur d'Alenes, and worse perhaps amongst the whites in this new country) are in so edifying a condition among our dear neophytes, that they excite the admiration of all who come in contact with these Indians. The Chiefs of the several bands express the greatest satisfaction on this subject, and have only one lamentable exception to deplore.

Seltis and Vincent, the Chiefs, wish to be remembered in a special manner in the prayers of your Rev., and Vincent asks your prayers for the soul of his greatly beloved and only son, Ernest, who died some time ago.

Please accept the thanks and the respects of Rev. FF. Joset and Gazzoli, and let me recommend myself and the mission to your Reverence's holy sacrifices.

I remain,

Your Brother in Christ,

J. M. Cataldo, S. J.

FATHER MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Father Michael O'Connor was born in the city of Cork, April 27, 1810, and was probably baptized two days later, on the Feast of the great Archangel whose name he therefore received. He obtained his primary classical education in the Grammar School of Mr. O'Dowd in Queenstown.

In 1824, at the age of fourteen he was sent to the Propaganda by the Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, being transferred to that diocese only on the morning of his departure from Cork for Rome. Whilst waiting for a companion he remained for a few months at a college in France.

At the Propaganda he completed his classical studies and went through the whole course of Philosophy and Theology. Besides distinguishing himself in the usual philosophical studies, he carried off the gold medal for being first in Mathematics. So great was his proficiency in this branch of science that his professor said of him that if he had devoted himself to it he would have become one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe. He had for companions in his class the present Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and Mgr. Hassoun, the Armenian Patriarch. It is a curious fact that all his fellow-students of the same year became bishops. Francis Patrick Kenrick was his senior by a few years*; Martin John Spalding, his junior by one year.

Dr. Grant, the present Rector of the Scotch College in Rome, was a student of Propaganda at the same time. He always looked on young O'Connor as destined to become one of the great men of the church. Long and thorough as it was Michael O'Connor finished his course of Theology before reaching the canonical age for ordination.

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* Abp. Kenrick and his work—A lecture by M. O'Connor, S. J. p. 4.

On July 27, 1833, he won his Doctor's cap and ring by a Public Act. His thesis comprehended all theology and Scripture.

Prior Vaughan* tells us what a severe test such a public defence was when St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure were made Doctors by the University of Paris. Cardinal Wiseman† says enough to show that the trial is as hard now as in the 13th century. His Eminence acknowledges that he has done his best to try the metal of the young combatants in such encounters, but that when he had Michael O'Connor to attack he "had no occasion to repent having well tempered his weapons and weighted his blows."

Through this terrible ordeal the young Propagandist passed, as his diploma says (dated March 31, 1834) *declarando, cruendo, comprobando, distinguendo, pro et contra arguendo, proponendo, dissolvendo, respondendo, etc.*, to the satisfaction of all the learned in Rome. A correspondent of the Brooklyn *Catholic Review* adds the following incident: When M. O'Connor came as usual to receive the Pope's blessing, Gregory XVI playfully twined his handkerchief around the brow of the young doctor saying: "If it were a crown of gold, you would deserve it." After his ordination, Dr. O'Connor acted for a short time as Vice Rector of the Irish College, and attended to the business of the Bishops of Ireland with the H. See. This brought him frequently to the presence of Gregory XVI, of whom he was a personal friend.

About this time he received an invitation from Dr. F. P. Kenrick, then Bishop Coadjutor and Administrator of Philadelphia, to accept the charge of President of his newly founded Seminary of S. Charles Borromeo, to which he intimated a favorable reply.

In 1834, after a ten years residence in Rome, and only twenty-four years of age, Dr. O'Connor returned to Ireland.

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* Life and labors of St. Thomas of Aquin, Vol. II. chap. 1.

† Recollections of the last four Popes, pp. 271—3.

He was just in time to assist at the dying bed of his mother, who had with great sacrifice of her own feelings concealed her illness from him in order not to disturb the pleasure or shorten the time of his homeward journey.

Only three days after his return, she died. Her death gave him the charge of his younger brothers and sister, and made him relinquish for a while the thought of the American mission. He accepted the position of curate in Fermoy, and afterwards that of chaplain to the Presentation Convent in Doneraile. In the labours of these duties some three years passed.

He was preparing himself for a concursus for a Theological chair in Maynooth, when Dr. P. R. Kenrick, now Archbishop of St. Louis, on his way home from Rome, paid him a visit. He had been commissioned by his brother, the Bishop of Philadelphia, to repeat to Dr. O'Connor the offer of the office of President of the Seminary, and urge him to accept it.

Dr. O'Connor at once closed his book and prepared to start, leaving the theological chair to be gained by Dr. O'Reilly (who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus and became Provincial).

In 1838 he arrived in Philadelphia with his younger brother James (late President of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo), then just beginning his classical studies, and was at once installed by Dr. Kenrick in his new office. Besides his duties in the Seminary he had charge of the missions of Norristown and West Chester. He also accompanied Dr. Kenrick in some of his journeys through his large diocese. Some difficulties in Church matters having arisen in Pittsburg, he was sent there as Vicar General in 1841, and succeeded in arranging everything satisfactorily.

In 1843, Dr. O'Connor had good reason to suspect that the Bishops of the United States had determined to recommend him to the Holy See as Bishop of Pittsburg. This was an additional motive to induce him to put into action a

long cherished desire of entering the Society of Jesus, and thus to place the barrier of religious vows between him and the dreaded mitre.

On his way to Rome he called on the Papal Nuncio in Paris, Mgr. Fornari, afterwards Cardinal, who had been his Professor at Propaganda. Without telling his motive he prevailed on the Nuncio to write to the Prefect of Propaganda to ask a dispensation from his oath. Afterwards, however, being informed of the reasons Dr. O'Connor had for this step, he wrote again to Rome, retracting his former letter, and strongly urging the appointment of his former pupil to the newly created see. Meanwhile the letters of the American Bishops had also reached Rome. Gregory XVI delayed giving an audience to his old friend until these letters could be duly considered, and other necessary proofs and information obtained. At last Dr. O'Connor, with his heart already in the quiet of the Jesuit Novitiate, kneels at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. In reply to his humble petition Gregory XVI said: "You will be Bishop first and Jesuit afterwards. I will not let you rise from your knees until you promise to accept the Diocese of Pittsburg." Thus the heavy honors of the Church were accepted through obedience, and instead of washing dishes at S. Andrea, the would-be novice is crowned with a mitre in S. Agatha.

His consecration took place in the church of the Irish College, Aug. 15, 1843; Cardinal Fransoni being the consecrating Bishop. The close of the same year saw the new Bishop already at work in his Cathedral city, and with seven Sisters of Mercy from Carlow, the first of the Order in the United States. It is hard at this time to form any idea of the difficulties which met the first Bishop of Pittsburg thirty years ago on his arrival at his See, with no resources save those of his own head and heart. In those days his work could almost be called a creation, a real *productio rei ex nihilo*, since he had no money to build a church and no architect to design one.

The meditative theologian must now put forth the energies of a pioneer. The obedient student transformed into a commanding General, begins the battle which was to last for seventeen years. He came to some four or five thousand Catholics in his city, out of a population of 20,000 souls. He found the Redemptorists already at work at S. Philomena's. Besides this church there was St. Patrick's by the old canal bridge, and the Cathedral of S. Paul (dedicated in 1834), left almost high and dry by the grading of Grant St. There were but fifteen Priests in the whole Diocese. In ten years he had increased the number to eighty.* The present complete organization of the Diocese is owing to the constructive genius of its first Bishop, who was one eminently *secundum mentem Tridentini.* The "Glenwood Hotel" becomes S.Michael's Diocesan Seminary. A farmhouse in Westmoreland County grows into the Benedictine Abbey of S. Vincent, with a Mitred Abbot. A half-ruined coal shed is the beginning of Mercy Hospital. The bleak steep side of Birmingham hill, honeycombed with deserted coal pits, declined by the Jesuits, is accepted by the Passionists as the site for their Monastery. Such institutions as the Catholic Orphan Asylum, the House of Industry, the College of the Franciscan Brothers, and the Convent of Mercy owe their existence to the restless zeal and ingenuity of Bishop O'Connor. Of the Convent of Mercy the present Mother Superior writes: "This House was built by him. Every room and corridor now reminds me how he measured it himself, and what care and labor he took to make everything comfortable for us." In addition to this minute and searching attention to the affairs of his Diocese his mind was constantly employed in examining all the great questions of the day whether political, scientific, moral, or religious. Yet such was his humility that he never wrote anything except when duty required. Activity

* The Catholic Church in the United States—De Courcy, p. 306.

was as much the element of the Bishop, as study had been that of the theologian. He was the *primum movens* but not *immobile*. As Fr. Clarke very happily said in his sermon at the solemn Requiem in Baltimore : "Like the mainspring of a watch he was always in motion and kept others moving. He was an almost constant traveller and yet a perpetual labourer."

He was present in Rome at the Definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. His name may be seen on the marble tablets erected in S. Peter's to commemorate that event, and also in S. Paul's, outside of the walls, in memory of the consecration of the new Basilica.

It was remarked by Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore that among the two hundred bishops, the *Corona Purpuratorum Patrum et Antistitum*, there present, none attracted more attention than Bishop Malou of Bruges and Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg.

In 1853, at his own request, his diocese was divided and he himself transferred to Erie. But the Holy See, moved by the representations of both Bishops and people, restored him to Pittsburg in the following year.

The cathedral of St. Paul which escaped the great fire in Pittsburg in 1846, was burnt in 1851. The present cathedral, built by the exertions of the Bishop, was dedicated in 1855. In 1860 Bishop O'Connor accomplished the great desire of his life, which was to enter the Society of Jesus. The burden of the episcopate, *angelicis humeris formidandum*, became heavier to his growing years and failing health. His idea of the responsibility of a Bishop he afterwards expressed as follows : "It was the fear of failing to correspond to those high requirements of their state that made even the saints tremble when called to the episcopal office."* He was glad to obtain permission to resign that which he had

* The nature and duties of the Episcopal office—A sermon, etc. by M. O'Connor, S. J.

accepted with fear. He made a preparatory retreat at the Novitiate in Frederick City before sailing for Europe, and entered the Novitiate at Gorheim, Sigmaringen, Dec. 22, 1860. Of his perfect and humble obedience as a novice, one who was with him bears ample testimony. No one but the Rector knew what he had been until one day at mass he let a *Pax vobis* slip out instead of *Dominus vobiscum.* The model Bishop became the model novice. *Deus maximus in minimis*: so of his servants. The young novices were often astonished at the thoughtfulness and care with which his strong will observed the rules and customs of the Novitiate. His two years being completed, by a special dispensation of the Father General, Fr. O'Connor made his solemn profession of the four vows in Boston, Dec. 23, 1862, in the hands of Fr. Sopranis, the Visitor.

For a short time he taught theology in Boston College, then the scholasticate of the Society: afterwards he was appointed Socius to the Provincial of Maryland, which office he held until his death. With Loyola College for his head quarters, he was sent to preach, lecture and give retreats, especially to the clergy in all parts of the country. Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, in 1870 he preached the Advent in Philadelphia and the following Lent in New Orleans.

On his return from Havana he was preparing to start for Nova Scotia to give a Retreat to the Clergy when Superiors determined to send him to London for medical advice. He returned in December in company with Dr. Vaughan, (now Bishop of Salford) and the Missionaries of S. Joseph's College. He assisted for the last time in any public function in the Sanctuary of S. Francis Xavier's Church for the colored people, in Calvert St., Baltimore, when the missionaries received their pastoral charge. This Church had been purchased and its congregation organized some years before by the efforts of Fr. O' Connor. He had even asked permission to devote himself to the slaves in Cuba.

Early in the Spring of this year (1872) Fr. O'Connor came to Woodstock. He knew it was to die. In May he thus wrote to one of our fathers: "I am now staying at Woodstock, and will probably remain here till the end. I am just well enough to live without pain, but gradually sinking—getting weaker from day to day. I wish I could withdraw my thoughts from everything that does not regard the welfare of my soul, as I ought to do. I consider it a great grace from God that he enables me to see the importance of doing this." On another occasion he asked a venerable father of the Society, who had come to see him, what exercise he thought was the best preparation for death. To many other friends he either wrote or dictated his last words of affection and charity. The summer he spent with us as one of ourselves. We can still see him slowly walking with his cane up and down the corridors, starting beforehand so as to be in time for some community duty, sitting on the Philosophers' benches under the trees, or silently enjoying the evening recreation with the Scholastics on their porch, always the same, with his cheerful, humble manner, asking for nothing, complaining of nothing, waiting for his turn like the rest, asking pardon of a lay brother for giving any little trouble, or keeping quiet at night so as not to disturb the rest of others. To one who asked him if he had much pain, "No, sir," he replied, "I have not the *honour* of suffering anything."

Once after speaking of some of the trials of his Episcopate, he added: "As far as I can see, it would have been better for me if I could have entered the Society when I first wanted to, but God knows best. Anyhow, it is a great blessing to be able to die in peace."

He said his last mass on the feast of his patron, Saint Michael. On Saturday afternoon, October 12, he received the last sacraments. Before this, he had asked Fr. Rector to allow him to be taken to the refectory to say his *culpa*, and perform some public penance for all the "scandal" he had given to the community.

When the preparations were being made for administering the last sacraments, he said to Father Rector with the deepest emotion : "It would be impossible to thank you for your unspeakable kindness to me at all times ; and indeed that is what I always received from every one, no matter where I was. I can only ask your pardon for all the bad example I have given in the Society." Then turning to one from his old Diocese he continued : "Tell the people of Pittsburg that I remember them all to the last with the greatest affection, and how sorry I am that I could not have done more for them whilst I was with them : and even the little I did do was very imperfect." "Tell them all," he repeated, "the Bishop, the Clergy, the Religious and the Sisters that I pray for them and will remember them all to the end." When Father Minister entered the room with the Blessed Sacrament, the dying man, with great difficulty, slipped from his chair to his knees and, in profound adoration, received the Holy Viaticum. Afterwards, with his deep solemn voice, he joined in the responses when the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered.

He lingered for a few days in great suffering, borne with the most perfect resignation. When asked whether he was in great pain or if he wanted anything, he would only reply by shaking his head to say no. When he managed to speak it was only to ask some of his attendants to recite the Litany of the Holy Name or other prayers. At last, on the morning of Friday, Oct. 18, the Feast of St. Luke, sitting in his arm-chair, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit into the hands of the Master whom he had served so long and so well. The *De Profundis* bell tolled just at the end of the community Mass, and as all knew what had happened we united in prayers for the repose of the soul of our departed Father.

It is difficult to take in at a glance such a many-sided character, so eminent in head, will and heart; so great a power and under such perfect control. His mental and

moral solidity was aptly epitomized by Fr. Clarke in the words: *Nihil tetigit quod non solidavit.* The Correspondent above referred to, says: "He had the power of grouping ideas, and condensing difficult matters within a very small compass; and when he spoke on any subject, there was little worth saying that he would leave unsaid." His great learning never was a burden to him but was always under the guidance of sound common sense, which would seize the substance of things in their last analysis and adapt it to times, places or persons, stript of all unnecessary accidents.

To this rare combination of masterful intellect, extensive learning, inflexible will, practical sense and solid virtue he added a most affectionate heart, full of thoughtful tenderness. He never forgot his old friends and they never forgot him. How many such expressions as these have reached us from Pittsburg and other places: "We have lost our best friend and father; such another we can never expect to find." An old friend who knew him well in the early days, writes: "After my own father, there is no one to whom I owe more than to Bishop O'Connor." The Sisters of Mercy say they now regard him as their "Cardinal Protector in Heaven."

The esteem and affection in which his memory is held was well shown by the numbers of Bishops, priests and people who were present at the Solemn Requiem in Baltimore, and at the "month's mind" held in the cathedral of Pittsburg.

But for us *inter parietes* the most wonderful thing about him was his humility. And of this he was perfectly unconscious. It seemed to be part of his nature, so much so that one might be with him a long time without noticing it. The definition of *sibi ipsi vilescere* would not hold good in his case, as he seemed to have no self at all to have any opinion about. Like the great Angelical who after his vision of Heavenly Truth, thought his *Summa* only "rubbish," so, in his measure, did F. O'Connor think of his

works and knowledge in the light of God. This appeared in his whole manner of action and conversation, whether he spoke of himself or any one else. His sermons showed the fruit of it. He was always ready and willing to take any one's place in preaching. The saying was true in his case: *In domo plena cito paratur cœna.* All he wanted was five or ten minutes walk up and down the corridor. When he spoke to the people his power was one of thought not of language. He never seemed conscious that he was saying anything; he was only thinking and loving aloud for God and His people. *Semper sui similis* whether in preaching, in talking, or in keeping silence, he was always the herald of the Great King, who had his message to deliver in the way it was given, whether men were pleased or not. There was too much sturdy vigour and robust earnestness about him to allow him to stop for fine phrases or cadencing periods. *Great strong thoughts in plain words* might serve to describe his preaching. The *sancta et virilis simplicitas* which was the mark of the man was likewise the note of his speech.

A boyhood of piety, a youth of study, ten years a Roman student, ten more a secular priest, professor and missionary, seventeen years a Bishop, and twelve years a Jesuit, make up the well-spent life of Fr. O'Connor.

He has left the record of his clear full mind in the Councils of Baltimore, the works of his intrepid energy in the Diocese of Pittsburg, the remembrance of his fatherly affection in the hearts of his spiritual children, and in the Society of Jesus, the example of religious simplicity, regular observance and marvellous humility.

He rests in our little hill-side cemetery, by the side of Fr. Maldonado, one taken in the glorious summer, the other sleeping under the autumn leaves.

Simplicitas concurrens veritati in ipsa humilitate sublimis.—S. Ambrose.

WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.

EMIGRANTS' REFUGE AND HOSPITAL,
WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y., JULY, 1872.

REV. FATHER:

P. C.

I wrote to you last November informing you of my success in obtaining, under the patronage of St. Joseph, a grant of $35,000 from the Commissioners of Education towards the building of a new Catholic Church. At the time I had no idea of the amount of opposition which the spirit of darkness would excite, as soon as the fact became known among the Protestants. The first battle I had to fight was about the selection of a site for the Church. I had chosen the most central position on the Island and they wanted to crowd me out to the extremities of the place, near the gas-works. In this effort I defeated them, however, and they have now that beautiful place left to themselves, if they ever wish to build a new prayer-shop. They next began to delay the work, hoping, if they gained time, something might turn up to baffle all my expectations. The surveying was not done until the 23rd of Jan., the feast of the Espousals of the B. V. Mary and St. Joseph. On that day we received a visit from the Imperial ambassador of Germany, Baron Von Bunsen, on his return from Chili, and I prevailed upon him, though a Protestant, to break the first sod for the new building. The first load of stones arrived in a schooner on St. Joseph's day, but the masons could not commence their work until the beginning of May. In the meanwhile another cloud of trouble, by far more seri-

ous, rose upon our new building and the whole Institution. The Protestant Children's-Aid Societies had been long ago anxious to get hold of the administration of this place in order to kidnap many Catholic children, to send them in squads Out West to be bound out to staunch Protestant families, as they do in other institutions. With the aid of a Jewish pervert to Protestantism, who now combines the hatred of a Jew against Christians with the hatred of a bigoted Protestant against Catholicity, they sent a bill to the Legislature in Albany, whose object was to upset the present Board of Commissioners of Emigration altogether and replace them by a new one composed of the most bigoted men among them with the Protestant Jew as "the only honest member of the old Board"—and only one Catholic, the president of the Irish Emigrant Society, who is a member of the board *ex officio*. Every body could see what would be the result if that bill became a law. I had recourse to St. Joseph and got the orphans of the Sisters of Charity to pray. In the meanwhile I went to lobbying, myself. I wrote to members of the Legislature who were Catholics or favorable to Catholics, and it was amusing to read in the papers how this bill passed from one house to the other and back again with modifications, one of which was the striking out of the name of the Protestant Jew, the chief agitator, himself. On the last day of the session, it passed both houses and went into the hands of the Governor, where, thanks to the protection of S. Joseph, it rests still. It never became a law. But even here the danger was not over. The indefatigable Protestant Jew, still a member of the old Board of Commissioners, showed fight in the meetings of the Board. He moved that the new church-building now in course of erection on Ward's Island should be a *simultaneous* church for all denominations. I was called upon to answer in writing —What reasons the Catholics on Ward's Island had to ask for a new church-edifice? What objections there were to making it a *simultaneous* church for all denominations?—

And what was the number of attendants in the Catholic and Protestant chapels? I give here my answer.

To the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, President of the Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York.

Hon. and Dear Sir:

Ever since I have been officiating as Catholic Chaplain on this island, I have found it necessary to avail myself of the privilege granted to the Priests of this country to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass *twice* in the morning of every Sunday and festival of obligation in the year, as without such an arrangement, a great part of our Catholic people would be deprived of the opportunity of fulfilling their obligations. The present Chapel in the garret of the Nursery seats about 300 persons conveniently, and was nearly filled at both Masses during the summer season. But during winter it became so crowded, that many had to go back, because there was no room for them even to stand in the aisles. (What will it be when the emigration from Bohemia and Poland, whose population is nearly all Catholic, increases as it bids fair to do?)

Moreover, I find that many cripples, consumptive, asthmatic, convalescent and aged persons, who are well able to move on plain and even ground, have to give up all idea of climbing up so many stairs, and are deprived, the whole year around, of the comfort of attending divine service, or spending an hour of the dreary day in the house of God.

Besides, the building itself is not safe when the Chapel is crowded with people. It has been remarked that the floor then rises considerably in the middle and is lowering on the sides. Add to this the miasma and intolerably foul air, which fills the chapel in winter when doors and windows are closed, and the place crammed with human beings, and even the candles on the altar giving but a dim light. I am confident that this fact alone, if it were known to the Health Commissioners, might induce them to shut up that place altogether. In the hot season, even with doors and windows open, after 10 o'clock, A. M. a stay in the chapel, even when empty, is intolerable.

I will not allude to the fact that this is the only place on the island, where divine worship according to the rites of the Catholic Church is regularly celebrated on Sundays, and that Catholic inmates and officials of the other Institutions in charge of the Commissioners of Charity and Correction avail themselves of this opportunity to satisfy their spiritual wants, giving thereby good example to our own people; also that many non-catholic emigrants, who do not attend the service of the Lutheran Clergyman appointed as Protestant Chaplain on the Island, and who avail themselves of the American principle of liberty of conscience, add considerably to the number that are to be accommodated in our chapel. It would be inhuman and unchristian to exclude them. They would go neither to the one nor to the other place of worship and at best give up religion altogether.

Those, Honorable and Dear Sir, are the principal reasons why we Catholics are asking your Honorable Board for a larger and more convenient place of divine worship.

As to the question: Is it expedient that Catholics and Protestants should worship in the same Church-edifice? I may be permitted to answer entirely in the *negative;* for in the 1st place, the Protestants might well call it *their Church*, but we Catholics would *not* have what *we* call a Church. It never could be blessed and dedicated to God. We might worship there, as in missionary places Catholics worship sometimes in public halls, in school-houses, in private houses; but what, strictly speaking, we call *a Church*, we could *not* have. Let the building be ever so stylish and costly, we never could have the same feelings of reverence, respect and love for it, which we have for the *House of God.*

Whoever visited this island ever since Catholics and Protestants had their separate places of worship, was pleased with the arrangement, and gave credit to the wisdom and generous liberality of the Commissioners. The emigrant, who at home never heard of a Church common to both Catholics and Protestants, on arriving here felt himself at home in his *own* church, and many a one on entering the Chapel, shed tears of joy and forgot more easily the hardships of separation from home, because he saw that in his newly-adopted home every thing was the same in the Church as it had been at home. Shut up the Catholic altar behind folding doors and drive away the crowds of worshippers who would like to spend another hour in thanksgiving after Mass or holy communion, and tell them that they must go out now, for there is to come another people in this place who believe nothing in those things, and how will the poor emigrant feel? What will he think of his new land of adoption and of the Commissioners, who would not allow him to pray half an hour longer before the altar which contains all he loves and is living for?

Will the Catholic Priest be permitted to adorn the Church according to the different festivals of the year, without interference of the Protestant minister? And if he put up any statues or pictures of Catholic Saints, will they be looked upon favorably and respected by those, who are taught as a part of their creed, that Catholics are idolaters and that these pictures and statues are idols? Or if the Protestant minister puts up a Christmas-tree in the middle of the church, as he did last year in his chapel, will it remain in peaceful possession of all its contents, until the Protestant congregation arrives to worship around it? I do not only foresee an endless series of quarrels and contentions, but I seriously apprehend that it will come to riots and bloodshed, as there are enough, among our people, who, for their lives, will not be able to see quietly the sectarian preacher ministering within the same sanctuary, where the Priest, a while before, stood to dispense to the people the Holy of Holies.

If the example of the Institutions on Blackwell's Island is quoted, where Catholics and Protestants have to worship in the same places,

I answer: *In hoc non laudo!* Such an arrangement is not the best feature of those Institutions. We do not live under the imperial sway of the King of Prussia, where the system of common churches has been invented and kept up by force, in towns where the Protestants were not numerous enough, or not willing, to build places of worship for themselves. This may succeed well enough in *penal* Institutions—but we live in a free country, where everyone is permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and the separation of the two religious professions is more congenial to the American spirit of liberty. Experience teaches that religion and piety flourish much better under the wings of untrammelled freedom than in the straight-jackets of imperialism.

As to the number of worshippers attending the Catholic Chapel, I can safely say that, at present, during summer, it averages from 400 to 500 persons, at both Masses, and in winter, from 600 to 700. If the new Church is finished, I do not doubt that it will increase by from 100 to 200 more; whereas the number of attendants in the Protestant Chapel is scarcely one tenth of our present number.—I had appointed a trust-worthy person to count them this morning (Sunday June 9). The following is the result:

10 o'clock service (English):	Men 19, Women 10, Boys 12, . .	41
Remained in Church for the 2nd service, ...		15
11 o'clock service (German):	Men 17, Women 13, . .	30
	Infants and children, . .	15
		101
Deducting the 15 who remained at both services, . . .		30
	The grand total is	71

It must be observed that from the time when the movement of making the new Church-building a common Church began, the Protestant Minister exerted himself during the whole week, to stir up his people to come to Church, that he might be able to show large numbers of attendants to the Commissioners If by such extraordinary exertions and under such inducements he could gather no more than 44 adults for the two services together, I have more reason to believe, what I was assured more than once, that on many Sundays he had no more than 5 or 6 persons to hear him in his Chapel!

The whole movement to obtain common possession of the new Church did not arise with the mass of Protestants on the island, but with one particular individual, who, although he hardly ever goes to any Church himself, is jealous enough to see the Catholics about to have a large building for a Church; and cannot be satisfied with the present Protestant Chapel though newly painted and large enough to accommodate five times as many worshippers as it actually has.—If the Commissioners of your Honorable Board think it proper to concede to his wishes, I have

not the slightest objection. Let them build a Protestant church of marble, and a parsonage as large as the Astor House for its Minister; I will be satisfied with my room under the garret of the vestry, if I have only the satisfaction of having a Church large enough and convenient enough for my people, so that *the lame and the blind and the feeble* be not excluded; and where we can worship our God according to the dictates of our consciences, in peace. If the Commission will do for the Catholics only what it would do for the Protestants, were they as numerous and similarly situated: we will be satisfied. As to the expenses of furnishing what is peculiar to our mode of worship, we shall be no burden to their treasury: we only wish for the liberty of worship in our *own Church*, and grant it willingly to others.

Most Respectfully Yours,

J. PRACHENSKY, *Catholic Chaplain, Ward's Island.*

Whether this document was ever presented before the Board of Commissioners at their regular meeting or communicated to the parties whom it concerned, privately, I had no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that ever since the Protestant faction has held its peace, and the building of the church is going on steadily in the most approved Catholic style. I hope it will be finished in November and then I will write to you more about it.

Revæ. Vestræ,

Servus in Xto.

P. JOSEPH PRACHENSKY.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

St. F. Xavier's College,
Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1872.

Rev. and Dear Father:

P. C.

On departing from Woodstock four months ago, that band of Western travellers, who were the first regular return made by Woodstock to the West, felt, if I may judge of all by one, a somewhat stray feeling, and looked a somewhat vacant look, on their Alma Mater subsiding out of view, and sinking down at the other end of that Baltimore and Ohio line. If it were not Cincinnati that stood here to reassure us, or if there were not St. Xavier's College to chafe our numbed feelings as with a new life, or if there were not a villa to administer the fresh country air to our overheated brows, we might have alighted from the Baltimore cars into a home-sickness, from which we had not recovered up to the present hour. For time is the only cure in such sickness, and four months are as no time.

The farm, which tops a Kentucky bluff on the Ohio, was famous for its pears—an attraction somewhat material, though good enough in its way. Yet it is a low way, after all; and that became quite clear to me, on our moving into the city. For here I found a new kind of farming, much more rich in its produce than Kentucky in its pears, and yielding that sort of fruit, to which the words are applied :— "My Beloved will come and eat the fruit of His apple-trees." I refer, in general, to the state of St. Xavier's congregation, and in particular to the Sodalities.

Day after day, I have seen Communions at ordinary Masses, the daily fruit of devotion. Sunday after Sunday, 600. On the first Friday and first Sunday, 800. We may infer the number on principal feasts.

I have likewise heard on successive Sundays read out from the altar the public acts of this Sodality and that one, in the way of meetings, communions, prayers to be poured forth for the dead; and a comparison occurred to my mind, between these centres of manifold life which radiates in spiritual activity from the Sodalities, as they congregate thus, round the altar, and those centres of musical sound, which rolls so often and so loudly from the bells in the Church tower above. Indeed, the repeated tolling up there from early morning till noon, led one of your Woodstock students, who spent a single Sunday here, to think again of his own catholic Germany, all alive in his parts with the spirit of warm devotion. I came to desire afterwards, that he had likewise heard, besides the ringing of those church-bells above, the music of edification from these bells of the sanctuary below.

Here are, as I count them, seventeen societies: fourteen of them being Sodalities, not indeed different in kind, but multiplied into sections, under different titles of the Blessed Virgin, and different diplomas. To enumerate first the Sodalities:

Men.—The Holy Family; number of members, 250.

Young Men.—The Immaculate Conception, 300. Boys: the older ones in the College, 69; the younger ones, 44: those of the parish school, 225; of the city shoe-blacks, 60: and young men of the same civil denomination, but a new Sodality title, viz., "St. Francis Xavier's Association for the Conversion of Sinners," 69.

Women.—The Holy Family, from 1,100 to 1,200. The Holy Maternity, of married ladies, 100 and upwards. Young ladies, whose convent education has thrown them together, 60; three other sections, 400 all together. The Children of Mary, 400 to 500.

These figures give a grand total for the Sodalities of from 3068 to 3268.

Moreover there are the following Societies: the Arch-Confraternity of the Sacred Heart; the Altar Society of the Immaculate Conception, to honor the Blessed Virgin's feasts by approaching the Holy Table; and an Orphan Society.

As to the inner working of them, I have not inquired into more than a few, nor do I think it would serve the purpose of light and pleasant edification to go through the tedium of minutes and meetings. But a couple will serve as a sample of all.

There is close by the College, a Convent of Notre Dame. It enjoys an ancient glory and a new one. Its ancient glory is that of being mother to all the houses in this country; and its new one that of covering with its buildings nearly a whole square, of the large Cincinnati size. Like other things evangelical, it came forth from a little seed and has grown mighty.

I had the honor of being introduced to an apartment which I found to be a library, the property and appurtenance of the female Holy Family Sodality. Fr. Roelof was the founder of this Sodality, in November, 1857. He instituted it "to extirpate cursing, blasphemy and intemperance;" and the high praise became its due of being the entrance to newness of life for many a mother, and so for many a family. Entrance into this Sodality was embarking on the flood, which, taken in place of the ebbing tide of drunkenness led many to fortune. High and apostolic praise! Nevertheless, while it smiled fortune on those who entered it, the Sodality had not that aspect, which would attract the beams of fortune on itself, precisely because of its professed object. Accordingly, a rearrangement was made of its rules, whereby its original end was thrown considerably into the shade; and the consequence was that while the primary object of extirpating drunkenness continued to be silently effected,

another more specious, inasmuch as more ordinary, aspect was put on the Sodality, and it throve from that day. It counts, as I have said above, from 1100 to 1200 members. It has a council of 25 ; and 12 Visitors of the sick. It enrolls the names of dead members on a list, and mass is said for the deceased every week. Its title is the Immaculate Conception ; its principal feasts the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, Christmas and the Assumption.

A year ago, it presented a piano and harmonium to the Children of Mary whose library is directly over that of the Holy Family. Though of not more than two years' standing, this collection of books belonging to the Enfants de Marie is about equal in number to that of their benefactors below-stairs. The Sodality itself numbers from 400 to 500. Its patron feast is that of the Immaculate Conception; its other principal ones, St. Aloysius and St. Joseph. Its meetings are on every alternate Sunday, in the Church after Vespers; while those of the Holy Family, (which is under the same director,) are on the intermediate Sundays at the same hour. And while the Holy Family communicates in the Church on the first Sunday of the month, the other, along with the three sections of young ladies, communicates on the fourth Sunday of the month. These three sections with the Children of Mary make a total of from 800 to 900 approaching the Holy Table. "My Beloved will come and eat the fruit of His apple-trees."

With one word more, I will take leave of Your Reverence. Woodstock is an orchard, and the first yield of fruit which it made to the West was composed of four Scholastics. Ten days ago we were four, and I knew not but we should always be four, hand in hand. Now we are three. R. I. P. The Beloved has come suddenly,

In whom I remain,

Yours humbly,

T. H.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN MOYNIHAN, S. J.

The allusion contained in the closing lines of the foregoing letter is to the sudden death of one of our Scholastics, Mr. John Moynihan, who died at St. Louis University, on the 19th of October last.

We do not hope to add to the affectionate regard in which Mr. Moynihan was held by all who knew him. We mean simply to lay our own humble tribute upon our brother's grave, for the years which he spent with us are so lately gone, and the memory of them is so fresh and green, that it is a pleasant and a beautiful task to weave the offering. A short time ago he bade us farewell with high hope and holy resolution, and we felt sure that he was going forth only to enter upon a career in which virtue and talent would win for him the crown of success. A few weeks later, and we received the news that he was on the point of death; but galloping consumption bore him away so rapidly that the grave had closed over him before his brethren at Woodstock had thus learned that he was even ill. He was confined to his room only three days; and the calm, holy, and beautiful death which he died, was but a reflex of his lifetime. One of his companions writes to us: "I was with him the evening before he died, when he made me read the points of meditation for him, and asked me to come again in the morning. When I went to him on the following day, I found him exceedingly low, yet hoping to recover. Still he then talked to me of the good chance he had of dying in the Society. I visited him frequently during the day, and found him at all times very fervent, eager to suffer and pray. He remained this way till about an hour before his death, and breathed his last, sitting in his chair with his habit

on, while his brethren were reciting the prayers for his departing soul." What a beautiful close to his innocent, peaceful life! What a mild, sweet twilight after the day of sunshine!

Mr. Moynihan had taught four years before commencing the study of philosophy, and after finishing the first course of this science in Woodstock, had just returned to his province for college duty again, when he was called away to the better life. During the three years which he spent with us he was remarkable for his religious observance and for his close application to study. His course of philosophy was successful in the extreme. He found in it full play for the natural bent of his mind, and the pleasure which he took in it, together with the encouragement which marked success must necessarily bring about, served to strengthen the more his prime and principal motive for diligence—sense of duty. Nor did the efforts which he made after the acquisition of learning fail him in the end. His brilliant examination "De Universa" was the admiration of the Faculty: and the praises heaped upon it, though an unsought, were yet a merited reward.

But if our brother was persevering in the pursuit of knowledge, he was equally so in the observance of our religious duties. Nature had given him a simple, unobtrusive manner, and his good, warm heart was full of affection. Sensitive and timid himself, he could not easily fail in due regard for the feelings of his companions. He would not hear them blamed even in jest, and if the accused happened to be of his own delicate sensitiveness, and most of all, if he made no retort, the sympathy of mutual feeling was immediately awakened, and Mr. Moynihan ready to take his part. This was so noticeable in him that his companions, in their various games, sought opportunities of censure, simply to admire his readiness to shield the imaginary victim. Moreover he was so humble and so ready to yield to others the better part. Only a short time before he left us,

he was offered the privilege of defending in a public disputation. He must certainly have known that it would only prove an occasion of displaying his strength and of winning the praise of all; yet he declined the offer, asking that as the favor had been conferred upon him before, it would now be offered to some one of his companions. After much persuasion, however, he accepted, saying to his professor: "Well, father, I will do so if you will promise me that you will not allow yourself to feel troubled or anxious about the matter, and will not be displeased or discouraged if I do not meet with the success which your labors for us deserve." But he met with it as he had done before. How many little incidents of the kind we could mention!—beautiful examples of gratitude and consideration for others, and forgetfulness of self! The whole tenor of his conduct was a constant lesson in those virtues which pertain chiefly to simple life. Not only our rules, but also all the little regulations and requirements of superiors were observed by him with the most conscientious exactness, for though he was anxious that the day would come which would give him an opportunity of doing great things for God by bringing to bear against unchristian thought the knowledge of the science which he favored, and the study of which he was determined to pursue; yet he did not allow this aspiration of holy ambition to allure him into a neglect of the minor observances of scholastic life, or make him lose sight of the monotonous but real present, in his dream of the fascinating but fancied future.

Let us give to him that admiration which he deserves, and that lasting love which hangs round pleasant recollections! Of him we have oh! so many! They crowd upon us every day, and his name is as often upon our lips as if he were among us. And you, our departed brother, who now, as we hope, enjoy the bliss of our home in Heaven, do not forget us before the throne of our Father! Little we thought while we so often talked of that life of our immortality that

you would share it so soon, but it is better as it is, for time might have dealt rudely with you, and certainly death could never have been more gentle than he was. Sooner or later we, too, shall follow whither you are gone, and whether it be in the mid-day of life or in the quiet evening, we pray that we may be as well prepared as you for the journey through the valley and the shadows. Your life is a beautiful lamp to guide us, and though no brilliant halo encircles it, yet its mild and gentle ray reaches to Heaven, and keeps a sweet influence over our souls. We cannot soon forget you, for we cannot feel that you are gone : and many and many a time will the lilac flowers fade over your grave far away at your "Novice home," before the recollection of your virtues, of your generous nature, and of your good, kind heart, fades from our memory ; and many a time, too, will we be encouraged by the remembrance of them, to imitate your pure and humble life, and to learn the many silent lessons which you taught us in the beautiful virtue of brotherly love.

Rest in peace.

D. O. M.

ST. JOSEPH'S—PHILADELPHIA. 1776.